The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XIX NO. 18 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1939 TEN CENTS A COPY

MEMORIES OF YEATS *by Mary M. Colum*

IN THIS ISSUE

BEN RAY REDMAN

Reviews "The Tree of Liberty" by Elizabeth Page

VERA MICHELES DEAN

Reviews "My Life and History" by Berta Szeps

JAMES F. GREEN

Reviews "Betrayal in Central Europe" by G. E. R. Gedye

BASIL DAVENPORT

Reviews "The Professor" by Rex Warner

T. A. BISSON

Reviews "Inside Red China" by Nym Wales

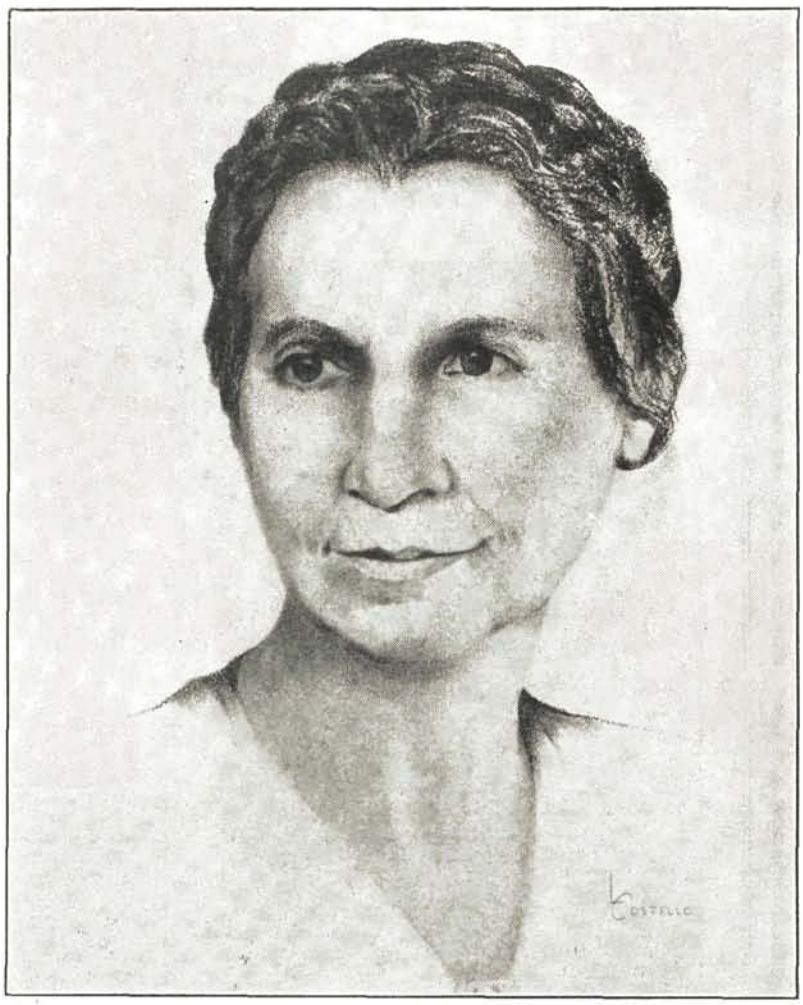
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Reviews "Tuscan Spring" by James Cleugh

ALLAN NEVINS

Reviews "American Saga" by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie

Other Reviews by C. McD. PUCKETTE, EUGENE ARMFIELD, N. L. ROTHMAN, R. ERNEST DUPUY, DAVID H. POPPER



ELIZABETH PAGE

"A generation of writers is saying, in effect: to face our future, we must understand and evaluate our past. . . . As her contribution to this work of understanding and evaluation, Miss Page has translated a half-century of our history into fiction. . . ." *(See page 5)*

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

Wilson at the Peace Conference *by David Lloyd George*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY WIFE AND I

The Story of Louise and Sidney Homer

by SIDNEY HOMER

No ordinary prima-donna biography this, but a human story of a great diva at home and abroad, told by her husband.

Mme. Homer's has been one of the great names in music for the past four decades. Here are the charming details of her dual career, before the footlights and within her family. $3.50

LINES AT INTERSECTION

by *JOSEPHINE MILES*

Here is a poet whose work is *modern* in the best sense. She brings a rare perception and true feminine wit to bear upon doings of everyday life with exhilarating effect. $1.60

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THE ARCTIC

by *VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON*

"Extraordinarily fascinating. Even the casual reader finds it packed with excitement." — *San Francisco Chronicle.* $3.50

GREAT CATHOLICS

edited by

CLAUDE WILLIAMSON

Here are biographies of nearly forty leaders of Catholicism in every field: Cardinal Newman, Charles Carroll, Francis Thompson, Gerard Manley Hopkins, John Dryden, Mendel, St. Margaret Mary, St. Teresa, and many more. $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York

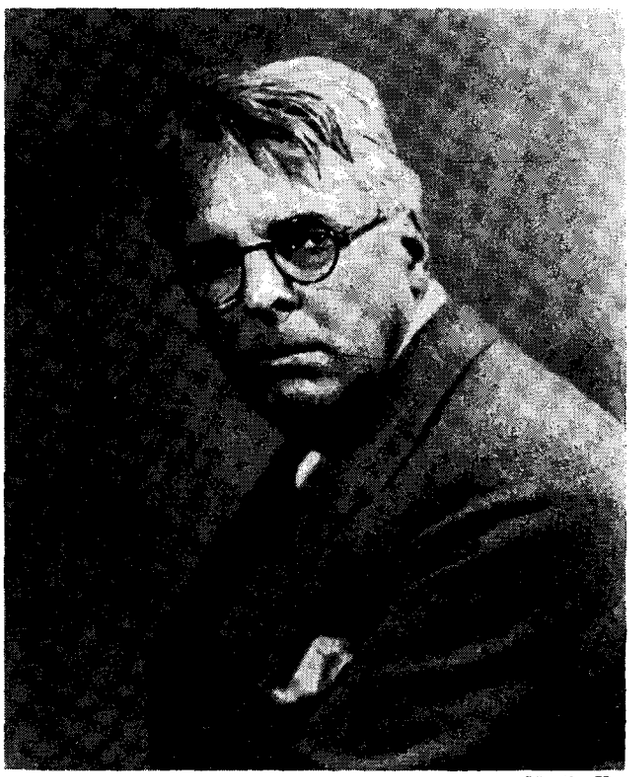
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memories of Yeats

BY MARY M. COLUM

Cast a cold eye
On life, on death,
Horseman pass by.
(Yeats's lines for his tombstone from his last poem)

THESE are strange lines for the epitaph of a poet who never cast a cold eye on life or death. The last time I saw W. B. Yeats was in June 1938, in his house outside Dublin. He came into the room with his well-remembered, eager step, speaking in his well-remembered, eager voice. But he was changed. Old age that had left him so long untouched was making inroads on his physique. The old energy now came only in flashes. One of his eyes was covered with a black patch; it was blind, and he could use only one eye. "We are both changed," he said, examining me with his one eye. "You were once my ideal of a youthful nihilist." This was what he used to say to me in my student days when I was so delighted to be Yeats's ideal of anything that I didn't care what the word meant. Nihilism was the romantic form of revolt in Yeats's early days; his friend, Oscar Wilde, had made a first play about Vera, the girl-nihilist. I think, vaguely, in his mind it represented a youthful fighting spirit that went with reading Russian novels, French Symbolist poetry, and Nietzsche. To attribute to anyone a fighting spirit was Yeats's most heartfelt compliment.



Martin Vos

W. B. Yeats: "To attribute to anyone a fighting spirit was Yeats's most heartfelt compliment"...

It was wonderful in those student days, after a day's listening to some minor professor treating literature as if it was sawdust, to go to one of the clubs where Yeats frequently held forth, and hear him talk of art and literature and life and read poetry, especially the poetry of the men he had known. "I am the last of a doomed generation," he was fond of saying. That doomed generation included the men of the nineties—in England, Dowson, Oscar Wilde, Lionel Johnson, Ernest Henley, Aubrey Beardsley, John Davidson; in France, it included Verlaine,—not Mallarmé. Contrary to what I have seen in print several times in this country, Yeats never knew Mallarmé, never went to Mallarmé's Tuesday evenings; all the criticism of his poetry built on the notion that he took any part in the celebrated discussions of the Mallarmé group is unrelated to reality. He never knew any language except English, and had no first-hand acquaintance with French literature —symbolist or any other species. But he had met and talked with Verlaine in English and has left a record of the meeting. He knew all the poets who had met a miserable end and he would repeat their poems—Dowson's, Johnson's, Wilde's, or he would repeat Blake or some Elizabethan like Nashe.

Sometimes he would give a formal lecture on poetry or drama. To look back on the situations he was in during those years convinces one that the life of the real artist is always a battle, particularly in the case of a great artist like Yeats, who tried to reform the literary and intellectual life of his country and his period. He was bitterly attacked in Dublin during the heyday of the literary movement; he was so different from other people in his ideas and even in his appearance that they were exasperated by him. Sunk in dreams, he would pass friends or acquaintances in the street with an unseeing eye; he did not consider that many people knew much about poetry, and his assumption of this in his numerous public speeches in the clubs and literary societies of the town got people's backs up. Then there was a number of older literary men who would get up and contradict him at every assembly and tell the audience that literature or poetry could wait—the main cause being the fight for freedom, and the business of literature was to advance the national aspirations.

Until Yeats made himself literary dictator, the subject of discussion at literary gatherings in Ireland was not literature but patriotic ideologies. When he informed us that lines like

For thy hapless fate, dear
Ireland,
And sorrows of my own

were but conventional sentiment and could not move us deeply, when he became mocking about "Believe me if all those endearing young charms that I gaze on so fondly to-day" and similar effusions of the national poet, Tom Moore, he reduced over half of his audience to almost speechless rage. Somebody would recover sufficiently to say that Yeats was living in an ivory tower and all the other things men say when they are faced by somebody who takes the discipline of art seriously. At some of the societies and clubs where he spoke he would make an address so stirring intellectually and artistically that the ideas and the words became a lifetime's possession for some of us. But it would be some other speaker, who delivered himself of the humanitarian and political platitudes in fashion, who would be congratulated by the audience.

The newspapers were, nearly all of

Next Week

SEASONED TIMBER
By DOROTHY CANFIELD
Reviewed by J. P. Marquand

THE PATRIOT
By PEARL BUCK
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them, against him and his ideas; even often, such an intelligent journal as Arthur Griffiths's *United Irishman* which later became *Sinn Fein*. Some of the critiques of his most lovely poems both in England and Ireland were ignorant and contemptuous. In Dublin, in the university groups, a few progressive-minded professors supported him; among the students, a group that were considered wild and eccentric were his followers. I was the president of a small Students' Literary Society which followed him around from one hall to another wherever he was to speak, and applauded with hands and feet. The plays in the Abbey Theatre were so sparsely attended that when the members of this Society entered in a body—we were about ten or twelve in number—the audience was appreciably augmented, and Yeats would cast a pleased eye on us. We could be depended on to listen ecstatically to every line of a verse-play; we went, not only to all the plays, but to all the performances of them. Some of our professors a hundred and fifty years after Lessing were still talking about the rules of composition. When, in Synge's "Riders to the Sea," the body of the drowned man was brought on the stage, certain professors pronounced this against all the rules of art, and one of the most enlightened of the political weeklies invariably referred to the play as "a corpse-curtain-raiser."

The country Yeats faced had had its intellectual life twisted awry with political and defensive preoccupations and its artistic life made anemic through the writers' making themselves mere auxiliaries of political leaders. When writers are too feeble to be able to give artistic statement to great human experiences, they are too likely to swim with the tide and indulge ineffectually in the social and political platitudes that are the fashion. There is nothing for an innovator to do but fight these: Yeats was a wonderful fighter—eager, sardonic, tireless—and he was at his very best when fighting for another man's work. The fight he put up for "The Playboy of the Western World" was an exhibition of fighting strategy, of immovable courage, of indifference to public hostility such as I have never seen anywhere in anybody else. At the opening night of "The Playboy" the first act went well, but as the performance went on the uproar began. The man near me who began the hissing was Francis Sheehy-Skeffington, and he was neither narrow-minded nor puritanical. Why did he hiss? Why did the theater in the end become a swaying mass of angry humanity? I never knew; it was something I could not understand. Yeats was lecturing in England on the opening night; he was telegraphed for, for he alone could handle the trouble and cope with the insistence for the withdrawal of the play. Back he came; he announced that the play would continue for the advertised number of performances; he lined the theater with police and forced a hearing for Synge's play. Synge himself, his face drawn and blenched, would from the front seats from time to time throw a furtive glance at the audience. The demand for withdrawal continued; Yeats announced—these were his words—that neither the house nor the race that bred him had given him a pliant knee, and he was not going to bend before the public. After the play's run had been completed, he told them, he would throw the theater open for discussion of the play.

On the night of the public discussion the streets near the Abbey were crowded with police and there was an excitement as if a revolution had started. A motley mixture of workmen, students, and bourgeoisie in evening dress filled the theater, most of them with denunciatory speeches ready to deliver. Yeats took the platform in full evening dress and faced the crowd. Step by step he interpreted the play, delivering in the process some of his most complex theories of art, one moment cowing the audience, the next shouted down by them. The author of the play, who was no fighter of this kind, stayed at home. When the usual speech about freedom, patriotism came from somebody in the stalls, the audience cheered. But even on the patriotics Yeats was equal to them. "The author of 'Kathleen Ni Holohan' addresses you," he said. The audience remembering that passionately patriotic play, forgot its antagonism for a few minutes, and Yeats got his cheers. At one moment a student supporter of his took the platform beside Yeats and made a remark which caused nearly all of the few women in the audience to walk out. Myself and another girl-student were the only members of the female sex in sight: we were surrounded by a group of angry males ordering us, if we were virtuous girls, to leave the theater. We stood our ground, and Yeats, who, in spite of his well-publicized dimness of vision, could always see when it suited him, saw our difficulties from the platform and sent a couple of theater attendants to escort us to the stalls among the men in evening dress who, however, did not regard us with a friendly eye, either. I never witnessed a human being fight as Yeats fought that night nor never knew another with so many weapons in his armory. He was then in his forties, but he looked under thirty, a fearless, dominating man in spite of, or perhaps because of, all his dreams and visions and esoteric philosophy.

In the end he won every battle, as men of unbending artistic and intellectual integrity are likely to do. What was he battling for? Perhaps only a few understood, perhaps it never could be completely stated. In one of his poems to the beautiful, stormy woman—as great a fighter as himself—to whom his love-poetry was written, he cries:—

Yeats during a visit to the United States in the early years of the century

My darling cannot understand
What I have done, or what would do
In this blind, bitter land.

And yet a great poet of his type, an intellectual and artistic reformer, would certainly have more opposition in a larger country, might have found such a place also a "blind and bitter land."

But all the fighting he had to do must have altered his personality, for the friends of his twenties would talk of the warmhearted, affectionate, ingenuous boy, while the man we knew was hard, strong, reserved, deliberately living behind a mask, that particular mask which, as he has explained to us, all artists must find for themselves. People who expected to find in him the ordinary simplicities or the ordinary complexities were disappointed and even exasperated. He was very hard to understand; it was hard to correlate the fighting man with the poet, the administrator with the visionary, the "smiling public man" with the believer in astrology, spiritism, in non-human presences, and in magic. But he was one of those philosophers, adepts, or initiates who believe that all that mankind has ever believed in was true and lasting, existing somewhere, in some realm of knowledge that could be entered.

He had the hard Irish memory for wrongs once done him; I doubt if he ever forgot a friendly deed or forgave a wrong. I think that if he loved or liked any person it was for always. The Greeks, he sometimes said, thought it as great a virtue to hate your enemies as to love your friends; he did both. Like the Greeks, too, he hated old age, and through his later

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; George Stevens, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription $3.50 a year, Canada $4. Vol. XIX, No. 18, February 25, 1939. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Heritage

THE TREE OF LIBERTY. By Elizabeth Page. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IT is plain that a great deal of labor has gone into this novel of almost a thousand pages, fatly furnished with a bibliography that consists of seven sections and two hundred and forty-odd items. "The Tree of Liberty" is a conspicuous addition to the many books and plays that are now expressing and communicating a fresh awareness of American history and the American heritage. A generation of writers is saying, in effect: to face our future, we must understand and evaluate our past. It is essential for us to know how we have become what we are, if we are to deal intelligently with the problem of what we are to be. As her contribution to this work of understanding and evaluation, Miss Page has translated a half-century of our history into fiction, and it is fair to say that her chosen period is perhaps one of the least understood or most misunderstood by the average American possessed of an average education; for it is the period during which the colonies moved from unrest through revolution, and subsequent trials as perilous as those of revolution, into nationhood. Her story begins in the year before Braddock's defeat and ends in the second year of Jefferson's second presidential term.

"To Jane, the frontier stood for all that was rude and crude and horrible" . . .

It is a story in which almost every political ideal, opinion, and shade of opinion that clashed and struggled against one another during those fateful fifty years, is represented in human terms and in human experience by the members of a single family; by Matthew Howard and Jane Peyton, their children, and their grandchildren.

Matthew, life-long friend of Tom Jefferson, came from a cabin in the Shenandoah Valley, from the back-country of Virginia; Jane, sister of Fleetwood Peyton of Elm Hill, was born to the aristocratic tradition of the Tidewater. Matthew, whose father and uncle had died covering the rout of Braddock's redcoats, was "frontier-natured" to the bone and an unswerving believer in the frontier creed of self-sufficient individualism. To Jane, the frontier stood for all that was rude and crude and horrible, for mob license and political anarchy. But these two loved and married, and their union perpetuated their conflict, in various degrees and with subtle differences, through their descendants: through the sons, Peyton and James, who respectively followed and served Jefferson and Hamilton; through the daughter Mary, who took her husband from the Valley, lived a child-bearing mountain woman's life, and died happily fighting the battle of the frontier; through the twin boys of Peyton and Adrienne, who tried to steer an intelligent middle course between the political extremes embodied by their elders; and through Margaret, Mary's child, whose marriage to her cousin Tom led to the realization of Matthew's dream, and gave an ending and a meaning to the antagonism that had so long divided Matthew and Jane.

In the lives of these characters, and in the lives that surround and touch and affect them, we read the history of their times. Each responds characteristically, as if on cue, to every successive political crisis, change, and problem of social adjustment. The responses of the second and third generation are sometimes confused, beset by doubts; but those of Matthew and Jane, from first to last, are single, extreme, and unaltering. He is against anything and everything that threatens the liberty of the individual; against landlords and money-lenders and merchants and taxes; against a constitutional union, a central government, and a standing army; against Jefferson himself, when his old friend's vision is clearer and longer than his own. She is for any power that promises security and the continuance or establishment of tradition; for any power that promises to tame the frontier spirit that she dreads—the spirit and life from which she struggles so desperately to save her children and her grandchildren.

Readers whose study of American history stopped in the secondary schools, or in some conventional college course, will find Miss Page's book a revelation, and its value to them will be independent of its value as a novel. If they read this careful and truthful record of our past with an eye to the present; if they test the quality of their own political prejudices and passions, deeply felt but darkly realized, by the light that Miss Page has shed so clearly upon past prejudices and passions, they will draw from "The Tree of Liberty" the best that it has to give. To other readers, who must take the history for granted, who must savor and judge "The Tree of Liberty" solely as a novel, it cannot give so much. Its fiction fails to struggle free from the burden of its history; the novelist's art subserves the realization of the historian's intention. The fictitious characters are far better than puppets or costume figures, but through long stretches of the narrative their stories fail to move us, and only occasionally is the chronicle charged with dramatic intensity. Peyton Howard's trial furnishes one occasion; Jane's lie to Adrien's sweetheart another. The conflict between Matthew and Jane ends (because each remains so stubbornly rooted and blindly unyielding through so many years) by tiring the reader almost as much as it must have tired them. The historical characters — Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Washington, and the rest— are truly drawn or fairly glimpsed; but they appear here, after all, as no more than a novelist's studious borrowings from biography and history.

It is probable that the book will be read with pleasure and profit by a great number of persons. All that keeps it from being a great novel is the fact that Miss Page happens not to be a great novelist. The vast scheme is there, the theme, the intention, the ambition, the faith, the informed sincerity, the pains and patience, and the message—everything, in short, to make for greatness, with the exception of that creative fire and that consummate mastery without which greatness in fiction cannot be. In the book that she planned to write, Miss Page set herself a task that might have taxed the powers of a Tolstoy. But even the book that she has written is deserving of wide popularity. Its matter is radically important and its merits are substantial, however obvious it may be that, in "The Tree of Liberty," talent has aspired when only genius could attain.

By Sandy Waters

By JESSE STUART

MUCH have I roved by Sandy River
Among the spring-bloomed thyme,
Where love and life go on forever
And where I've spun my rhyme.

Much have I loved by Sandy River
Girls with the light brown hair;
I thought love would go on forever,
Spring be forever fair.

The Spring for mountains goes forever
But not for us who fade
In love and life by Sandy River
Before our dreams are made—

Before our dust goes back forever
To mountain earth we've known;
Before the sweet thyme blossoms hither
Among the gray sand-stone.

I pray the music from this river
Will sing for them and me;
Will sing for us, for us forever,
In our eternity.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Middle Europe, Then and Now

MY LIFE AND HISTORY. By Berta Szeps. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. $3.

THROUGH EMBASSY EYES. By Martha Dodd. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

THE art of writing thoughtful memoirs, which so greatly enriched the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, is being gradually throttled by the demand of American publishers—and presumably American readers—for "personal history," for the latest sensation, as opposed to philosophical appraisals of life and history. This demand forces into the limelight a vast array of autobiographies—some of them definitely trivial, others positively misleading in their search for sensationalism.

This lack of perspective in so many other memoirs makes one particularly appreciate a book like "My Life and History" by Berta Szeps. The lifetime of Mme. Szeps spans over half a century, and has been enriched by intimate contacts with some of the outstanding personalities in Austria and France both before and after the war. The daughter of Moritz Szeps, editor of the liberal *Neues Wiener Tageblatt*, she married a distinguished Austrian surgeon, and was in close touch with Georges Clemenceau through her sister's marriage to the Tiger's younger brother. Her interests were as varied as the pattern of her life. She shared her father's concern for the political future of Austria-Hungary; she was interested in the medical discoveries of her husband's colleagues; she tasted to the full her friendship with the sensitive French poet, the Countess of Noailles; she supported the Austrian *Sezession* movement in art before the war and, after Austria had been reduced to the proportions of an impoverished province, helped to revive its artistic spirits at the Salzburg festivals, which brought her in contact with Max Reinhardt and Hugo von Hofmannsthal; her association with Clemenceau, and later with Painlevé, caused her to be used by the various Austrian governments as a go-between in negotiations with the French government.

Eric Schaal

Martha Dodd

Berta Szeps makes no attempt to write a comprehensive, or even a connected, story of her life and times. Pages from her diary (which she began in 1878), excerpts from her father's summaries of his interviews with Gambetta and Clemenceau and from his correspondence with Crown Prince Rudolph, comments by an anonymous Viennese friend on post-war developments, are tenuously strung together with bits of personal explanation into a vivid and tantalizing mosaic. This very disarray and incompleteness, which makes one wish for further material from this source, gives peculiar liveliness to her unaffected narrative.

In those brilliant and turbulent years of the Austro-Hungarian empire Moritz Szeps, long before the advent of the Nazis, was deeply concerned by Germany's growing influence over the policy of Vienna, and eager to counterbalance it by closer coöperation with republican France. On this question, as on many other internal and foreign issues, his point of view was shared by the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph, who emerges from these pages as a far-sighted liberal, frustrated by Prussian intrigues, by the frigid routine of the Viennese court, by the sordid maneuvers of Austrian politicians. The Crown Prince, practically exiled in Prague, which he preferred to Vienna, was tormented by foreknowledge of the disasters which were to befall his country, yet impotent to avert them. His letters to Szeps reveal the extent to which, for better or worse, the problems of today's headlines are rooted in the past. Under an 1883 dateline he writes: "Poor Hungary! We are facing an epoch-making crisis. Things can't go on like this much longer. This so-called Jew-baiting is assuming enormous proportions, and the Croatian business is proof that the Slavonic problem is becoming more and more pressing." In reply, Moritz Szeps tells the Crown Prince: "The breakdown of our monarchy would be the signal for the breakdown of all the neighboring great states; this is the historical logic and therefore a certainty." In that same year Clemenceau remarked to Szeps: "I recognize the fact that Austria has no other choice than an alliance with Germany. Austria was brought to this position by the mistakes of earlier French policies."

No greater contrast to this mature book, unusually free from personal posturing,

Berta Szeps—from a painting by Carrière

could be found than in the "personal history" of Martha Dodd, daughter of the historian who served as American Ambassador to Berlin during the first four years of Hitler's rule. In this book, whose chatty—and often catty—gossip regarding journalistic and diplomatic circles in Berlin will doubtless interest many readers—while offending others—there is none of the perspective which might be expected from family association with a historian, and little of the literary style which the author cultivated at Chicago under the guidance of Robert Morss Lovett and Carl Sandburg. Martha Dodd frankly admits that her complete ignorance of Nazism made her practically a Hitler enthusiast at first—when she found it exhilarating to recount her social successes with such assorted personalities as a Nazi police chief and the princely occupants of Potsdam. Subsequently, when she had seen more of Germany, she swung to the other extreme, and while still "intrigued" by life in Berlin, could not speak of the Nazis without resorting to such phrases as "diabolic," "gangsters," etc.—reserving the description "hard-driven Judases" for Messrs. Chamberlain and Daladier. Her caustic comments about members of the Embassy staff and the State Department, which she believes to be honeycombed with fascist elements, are not such as to endear her to her father's former associates. She expresses the belief that her father, when setting out on his mission in 1933, must have thought that "he could have some influence in moderating the policies of the Nazi regime in its internal and foreign problems, a chance to bring them back to reason, to recall forcefully to them their recent democratic past." Without inquiring into the question whether such attempts, no matter how well-meaning, to reform foreign governments fall within the province of our ambassadors, one may well ask whether Martha Dodd would have considered it equally proper for a Nazi diplomat to try to "influence"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the domestic and foreign policies of the Washington administration. Nor is it clear, from Martha Dodd's account, how the international situation can be greatly improved if our only answer to Nazi intolerance and invective is to be only more intolerance and more invective.

Vera Micheles Dean, of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association, is the author of "Europe in Retreat."

The Better Life

AMERICAN SAGA. The History and Literature of the American Dream of a Better Life. By Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. New York: Whittlesey House. 1939. $4.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE idea back of this book, and the general spirit which permeates it, will both appeal to the innate patriotism of all true Americans. Mrs. Greenbie sees American history not as a pageant, or an adventure, or a struggle, but rather as the result of a great aspiration; the aspiration for a better existence, materially and spiritually. That is, of course, a familiar idea. That the aspiration has always existed, and has always been one of the great propulsive forces of our life, nobody can doubt.

What interests Mrs. Greenbie is not the results of this aspiration—its practical fruits—but the ambition or ideal itself. She has sought in American history from 1607 to 1920 for expressions of the overmastering dream. That is, she has searched through travels, letters, memoirs, biographies, novels, and poetry for the passages in which representative men and women tell of their hopes, fears, and longings; tell, above all, of their ultimate faith. She has covered a wide range of material. Most of it she has worked over into her own narrative, not always with perfect accuracy; some she has paraphrased, and a little she has quoted. The search for expressions of an aspiration or ideal has conspired with the author's enthusiasm to raise the book into a rarefied atmosphere. It often seems dithyrambic, and sometimes even gushing. It draws a picture of the American people decidedly more idealistic, more virtuous, and more heroic than they really were. Mrs. Greenbie tends also to set this race of over-romanticized Americans in an over-romantic land. Her Creole Louisiana is all white pillars and jessamine, her California an Arcadian vision, her New England a spruce green district of prosperous farms and church steeples, her Minnesota "large and fresh, cool and clean, free from fret and strife."

But with all its faults of occasional inaccuracy and frequent sentimentalization, the book does much to illustrate an important element in American history, and in doing so touches the imagination.

Between the Millstones

THE PROFESSOR. By Rex Warner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS novel, by a young Englishman who will be remembered for his striking fantastic satire, "The Wild Goose Chase," dramatizes the fascist attack on the liberal spirit, and the weakness of liberal democracy. It takes place in a nameless European country where there is a party of "Legionaries" within the state, and just over the border an aggressive nation ready to come in and "maintain order." In the governmental crisis with which the book opens, the Professor is called to the head of affairs; he believes, like the greatest of the Greeks to whose work he has devoted his life, in democracy, freedom, human dignity. Trusting in the power of truth to be self-evident, he will not deny free speech to his opponents, nor anticipate their coup d'état by one of his own; and therefore (we are told) he is defeated and killed, and his country and his ideals destroyed.

This story, so unhappily well-worn, is brought to life by the sheer force of its style. Though less fantastic than "The Wild Goose Chase," it is by no means conceived in wholly realistic terms; in depicting the lunatic fringe who unconsciously play into the Legionaries' hands, the author has allowed himself the deliberate extravagance which he can manage with the more than natural vividness of nightmare. And throughout the book, the stage will be deliberately cleared for a *debat* or a *tirade*, an *agon* or a messenger-speech, in the intentionally unrealistic manner of the classical drama, to set the conflicting ideas into naked contrasts.

It is surprising that among all these opposed ethical attitudes, there is no representative allotted to any position lying even slightly left of the Professor's strictly central stand; more than surprising, for since it is the thesis of the book that the only solution would have been armed resistance from the left, we are entitled to know what we are asked to support. This solution is unsatisfactory in another way: it is by no means clear, on the book's own terms, that democratic methods might not have succeeded, if only the Professor had had a little common sense; but he is deceived by the most obviously treacherous proposals from the villain in his own camp. From the author's point of view, however, the collapse of the Professor's country is the result of his refusal to arm the workers; and, though that is a perfectly tenable position, one feels that in an avowedly thesis novel it is not enough to show the evils of the Right and the weakness of the Center; the Left should be given its day in court and asked to show its program. And yet, when one has offered every criticism, this remains a stimulating, stirring, and haunting book.

Grace Lumpkin

Cross Section of a Southern Town

THE WEDDING. By Grace Lumpkin. New York: Lee Furman. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by EUGENE ARMFIELD

READERS of Grace Lumpkin's two previously published novels will find "The Wedding" different from both of them in tone and subject matter. "To Make My Bread," which came out in 1932, was one of the best of the proletarian novels. Three years later Miss Lumpkin published "A Sign for Cain," a story of social conflict in the South, which disappointed some admirers of her work. Oddly enough, the most interesting people in the book were members of the decaying middle class: Miss Lumpkin's proletarian heroes were sticks needing only a little plaster to become saints.

The main characters of "The Wedding" are neither saints nor villains, but reasonably ordinary middle-class folk living in an expanding Southern town in 1909. The plot is of the utmost simplicity. The action covers a single day (with enough flashbacks to make the people and situation clear) and is concerned with the marriage of the daughter of a respectable but unprosperous family to a doctor of promising parts. The lovers quarrel, upset all the plans, are reconciled after involving numerous people in their emotional clash, and are married amidst Confederate veterans in full uniform.

Around this conventional pattern Miss Lumpkin has fitted many characters—members of the family, friends, Negro servants—with their own problems and emotions, and many details of the life and social structure of the period. The story's quiet complexity is handled with considerable skill; but it must be confessed that the total impression one gets from it is rather mild. Despite the genuineness of the author's intentions, the plain truth is that the characters are not very interesting people.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

GEORGE STEVENS . . . . . Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART . . . . Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN . . . . Associate Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing Editors
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1939, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Why Not?

TWO indictments have recently been laid against the practice of the humanities in American universities. Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia University, author himself of many well-written histories, asserted in the February 4 number of *The Saturday Review* that the best histories and the best biographies of this American decade have most of them been written by men and women outside of the college departments devoted to the study and practice of history. And the President of the Modern Language Association, Professor J. S. P. Tatlock, stated at the Christmas meeting, that professors of English have been so busy instructing their students how to conduct a rather piddling research that they have quite failed to make either their pupils or themselves articulate.

Professor Nevins would be the first to admit that the university pedants he attacks have been responsible for many useful jobs of minute investigation which have made the task of real historians easier, but he would probably add that if the universities had provided food they had failed to digest it. Professor Tatlock could and would point with pride to many a sound work of literary quality that was university born. Yet no one has yet denied that, on the whole, their accusations are just.

The issue for historians seems clear cut. No one doubts that a history or biography, sound, well written, proceeding from a creative imagination, a work that is not just factual data for some one else to use but a completed book, belongs in the scope of university service and should be an inevitable product of good scholarship and an adequate library. But the question of literature is more puzzling.

Do novelists, short-story writers, poets, and playwrights belong in an English faculty? Can they find nourishment for their creative powers in academic life? Do they gain by access to a good library and contacts with specialists in the fields of knowledge? Are not the experiences of a newspaper reporter better preparation for creative literature than the daily round of an instructor of English?

Maybe so, maybe not. It depends upon the man and the experience. The American novel would have been spared a good deal of trivial realism if fewer writers thereof had spent their formative years racing after superficial sensationalism. And American drama, as well as American fiction, could profit by a sounder training in thinking and a richer imagination than newspaper offices afford. Depth and breadth are both where you find them.

But this really dodges the question, which is not how to make a novelist, poet, or essayist, but whether such practitioners of the literary arts belong ever in universities.

Why not? The business of an English department is to teach literary history, in which makers of literature are not, even usually, proficient. Its business is to teach accuracy of knowledge as a basis for sound judgment, in which the artist in words should be, but often is not, adequately disciplined. But its business is also to inculcate nicety in the use of the English language, and here the professional writer has the immense advantage over the scholar of feeling in every nerve the difference between writing that is alive and writing that is dead, an advantage not compensated for, if the art of writing is to be encouraged in the student, by any amount of erudite etymology and linguistics. It is only necessary to point out the difference between correct English such as any English department can supply, and the language of what may fairly be called literature, to feel that something more than accuracy must be taught if a style is to result. Perhaps this cannot be taught, since style is the reflection of a mind in a personality. But a feeling for language is contagious between the have-nots and the haves.

It is the business of English departments also to teach somehow an intelligent and sympathetic comprehension of literary quality. This does not mean only what a book is about, its sources, its philosophy, its biographical background. One can learn all these and emerge, if possible, a worse reader than before, as is the lamentable case of the majority of college-trained American men, who either cannot or do not read much that is sufficiently far and wide going to make a real book. When the pressure of the facts of life upon imagination and of imagination upon the apparent chaos of life becomes entirely articulate, writing takes on style, and constitutes literature. This is something which must be made apprehensible to a learning generation, or the teaching of English is merely a useful branch of sociology, case history for ethics and psychology, or a drill in the study of words.

With these plain facts under our noses it would seem to be evident that no college or university can afford to be without some teacher who professes literature as well as scholarship. He has to be a good teacher or he is useless, but it is no more necessary that he should be a great novelist, great critic, great poet, than that the research men in his department should be great scholars. Greatness is rare, comes high, and makes its own rules for employment. The silly prejudice that men and women who can write what the unscholarly will read with pleasure are somehow trivial, or, if not trivial, irrelevant to academic processes, must somehow be broken down, even if the exclusive sanctity of the Ph.D. degree breaks with it. No literary man ever knows enough, but his ultimate job is not the accumulation of knowledge. It is literature as defined above, and as long as literature is a subject of instruction, he is indispensable where it is taught.

Of course not all creative artists are articulate. There is an intermediate sex here, with a service to culture which may be compared with that of the nurse to the child. Such a man or woman has the passion to create but lacks, shall we call it the aggressiveness, of the born writer, who confidently seeks for his audience until he finds it. Of such are great teachers of literature made, for their seminal force finds a vicarious life in youthful minds less inhibited than their own.

A very simple resolution on the part of presidents, deans, and heads of departments would, in our opinion, bring about in five or ten years a most beneficent change in the teaching of our rich English and American literature and in the study of the resources and nature of our flexible and expressive language. They do not have to give up any of the useful tasks which they have set for their departments of English. They do not have to change a line in those seductive paragraphs in their catalogues which imply that a love of literature and an understanding thereof fall like the dew from heaven upon those who get better than C in the proffered courses. All that is needed is to put these expressed purposes into production, which means to make the teaching of literature, as such, as important as literary history or literary sociology.

There are at the moment ten times as many teachers available who have been trained in elementary research, as there are men and women with more than a theoretical knowledge of literature who have been trained to teach what they know. At the same moment the field for writers who wish to be more than tradesmen is overcrowded. It is packed with good writers who cannot make a living because their work is badly paid, as literature is likely to be. They have not been wanted by the universities, who have said, in effect, that the man competent to make literature is not the type to teach it. Why not?

H. S. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *"What's the Matter with History?"*

Courgeous Attack

SIR:—Allan Nevins deserves the thanks of many persons in and out of the history fraternity for his courageous attack on the poor quality of work produced by a large portion of the academic historians. . . . It is strange, isn't it, that the two outstanding American biographies of this century —Beveridge's "John Marshall," and Freeman's "R. E. Lee"—were written by non-academic historians? Many people would like to read more history, but we must have more attractively written histories. Hats off to Mr. Nevins!

NATHAN G. GOODMAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Movement for Reform

SIR:—Allan Nevins has earned the gratitude of all who are interested in history and literature for his courageous article, "What's the Matter with History?" It is the most penetrating analysis of the ills that beset present day historical writing of which I am aware.

If the movement for the reform of historical writing is to be successful, the auspicious beginning which was made by Professor Nevins must be followed by equally effective action by all those who agree with his general position, for the pedants are strongly entrenched.

HARRY FRUMERMAN.

New York City.

Required Reading

SIR:—May I compliment you for having both the courage and the wisdom to publish Allan Nevins's article "What's the Matter with History?" in your issue of February 4. As a history teacher, as well as a quondam graduate student who has had the experience of studying under both the "medians" and the "pedants," may I suggest that Professor Nevins's article should be printed in pamphlet form and made required reading for every history student and teacher in the country?

RALPH A. BROWN.

Jamesburg High School,
Jamesburg, N. J.

"Gateway to History"

SIR:—After reading the review in the *SRL* I bought Allan Nevins's "Gateway to History" and read it twice with enthusiasm and profit. Now I wish to applaud his article in the current issue of the *SRL* and say that I am a potential subscriber to a magazine of History such as he describes. I also want to take this opportunity to thank the *SRL* for its intelligent and reliable reviews in history; may it long be a guide to such reading.

GAYLORD W. LAUE.

Bellingham, Wash.

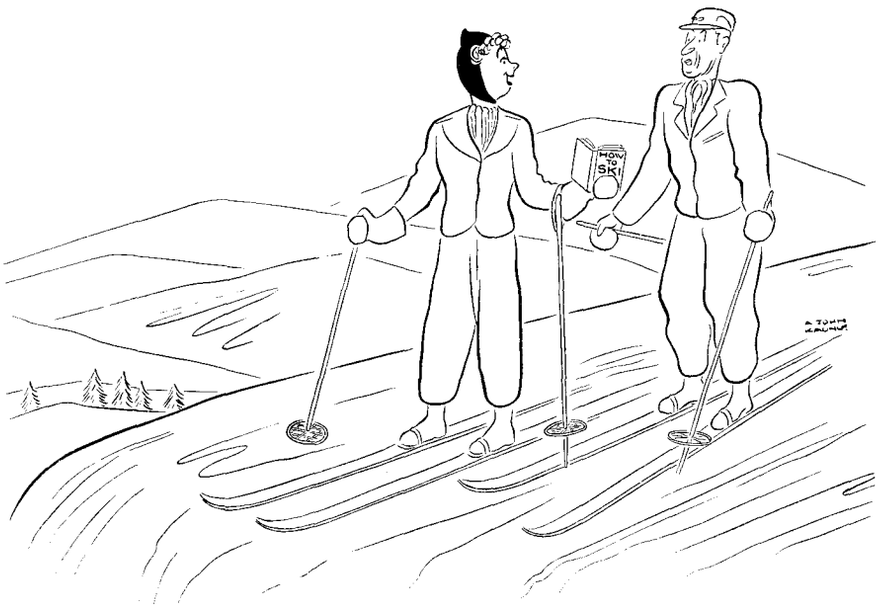
Pedantry

SIR:—I must express my great admiration of Professor Nevins for writing and of the *Saturday Review* for printing the so accurate and straightforward analysis of "What's the Matter with History?"

The situation outlined by Professor Nevins can unfortunately be duplicated in far too many other spheres of humane interest in America—even in music. To permit the pedant to continue an undisturbed existence would be unforgivable frivolity. May the simple proposals advanced by Professor Nevins see early realization.

ARTHUR VOGEL.

Department of Music,
Columbia University.



"Hold this, and don't lose my place."

Defending the Citadel

SIR:—It took exceptional courage for Allan Nevins to defend the citadel of American history against the onrushing hosts of pedants. Not many of his colleagues will come to his assistance, but boldly and frankly one of the greatest of American historians has taken his stand.

Indeed, the article by Dr. Nevins, "What's the Matter with History?" in your February 4 number, will itself make history. It should prove to be the opening gun in a campaign to rally the now widely scattered and disorganized defenders of history proper against the academic glossologists.

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER.

Washington, D. C.

Mr. Schuyler Objects

SIR:—Your issue of February 4 contains an article by Professor Allan Nevins entitled "What's the Matter with History?", in the course of which he sees fit to assert that "the worst examples of how history should never be written can be discovered in past files of the *American Historical Review*." Mr. Nevins's opinion of the *American Historical Review* cannot be understood, of course, apart from the general framework of his article. The burden of this is that the worst and most dangerous element in the historical life of this country has succeeded in establishing such a stranglehold on historical activities, through its entrenched position in our universities, research and fellowship foundations, learned bodies, and journals that something must be done about it right away—the something being the organization of a new society, "literary rather than scholarly in intention," and, still more important, the establishment of a new magazine "for those who believe in history as literature." In his animadversions on the *American Historical Review* he was kind enough to make me a friendly gesture, for which I sincerely thank him.

My objection to Mr. Nevins's statement which I quoted at the outset is for what it omits rather than for what it says. The *American Historical Review* began publication in 1895. For nearly thirty years it was edited by John Franklin Jameson, who, by his multifarious services to the cause of history, unquestionably did more than any other individual, past or present, to advance historical study and writing in this country. It is now in its forty-fourth year. One hundred and seventy-four quarterly issues have appeared. It would be strange, almost miraculous, if some examples of dull and clumsy writing could not be found in its pages. But surely some examples of good historical writing can be found there. Even if Mr. Nevins's assertion were strictly true, it would, standing by itself, give a totally erroneous impression of the character of the foremost general historical journal in this country.

The *American Historical Review* has published thirty-seven addresses delivered at annual meetings of the American Historical Association, of which it is the organ, by the presidents of the Association. A glance at the list, which includes Charles Francis Adams, Frederick Jackson Turner, Theodore Roosevelt, James Harvey Robinson, Carl Becker, Charles A. Beard, Herbert E. Bolton, and

(*Continued on page 22*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reports from China

INSIDE RED CHINA. By Nym Wales. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1939. $3.

THE DRAGON WAKES. By Edgar Ansel Mowrer. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1939. $2.

Reviewed by T. A. Bisson

WHEN future historians of China come to the critical turning point marked by the year 1937, two events will claim the major share of their attention. The first will be the launching of the Japanese invasion; the second will be the passing of the Chinese Soviet Republic, and its merging in the Chinese "national united front." In historical retrospect, the second event may prove even more significant than the first. Today it already bids fair to be the crucial factor in condemning Japan's attempted conquest to failure; in the future, it may well lay a firm basis for creation of that democratic republic which Sun Yat-sen failed to establish.

Nym Wales takes up the thread of this story where her husband, Edgar Snow, left off, and carries it to its triumphant conclusion in September, 1937. In "Red Star over China," Edgar Snow described the origins of the "national united front" in Chinese communist policy during 1935-1936, the decisive impetus given by Marshal Chang's detention of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek at Sian in December, 1936, and the tentative approaches toward formal negotiations at the Kuomintang plenum in February, 1937. When Nym Wales reached Yenan in May, the negotiations were already far advanced; before her departure in September, Chiang Kai-shek had appointed Chu Teh commander-in-chief of the Eighth Route Army—an integral unit of the Chinese national forces. The "united front" manifesto was published on September 22; two days later, the Eighth Army won its first notable victory at Pinghsiangkuan in the northern passes of Shansi.

Nym Wales with three directors of the "Military and Political Academy" in Yenan.

For more than four months Nym Wales lived through this transitional epoch at Yenan, in daily contact with the leaders and people of the dissolving Soviet Republic. Her experiences on the road, the melodramatic escape from the police at Sian, and the descriptions of life at Yenan form the lighter touches in what is essentially a solid piece of historical interpretation. This study must henceforth be bracketed with the earlier work of Edgar Snow, which it supplements in substantial respects. Aside from their interest as vivid personal narratives, the two volumes constitute an invaluable source book of historical materials on the Chinese communist movement.

In Mr. Mowrer's "report from China," a distinguished foreign correspondent has caught the essentials of China's national struggle and described them in terms that the layman can understand. His running commentary on the Sino-Japanese conflict is neither erudite nor exhaustive; it can be read in a few hours at one sitting. In this lies its chief value. For the author's training enables him to select the significant details and trends, and to phrase his observations in a vivid and arresting style.

Making good use of the airplane, Mr. Mowrer visited seven of the China war's key cities: Hongkong, Canton, Hankow, Chengchow, Chungking, Chengtu, and Kunming. Of Hongkong he concluded that, once the Japanese cut the city off from China, "colony neutrality could quickly give way to definite partisanship"—a prophecy now being fulfilled. While overestimating Canton's defensive strength, he grasped the essential fact that Chinese man-power would convert a southern front into a decided military advantage, as is being demonstrated today. He saw Hankow several months before the city's fall. In June, against official opposition, he insisted on visiting the war front along the Yellow River, where he had two narrow escapes. He had personal interviews with most of China's leading military and political figures; in two pages, he presents a brilliant analysis of the complex personality of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Mr. Mowrer's book is chiefly valuable for its analysis of conditions in the central government's territory, a field about which little has been written. He successfully conveys a sense of the nationalist spirit which grips the Chinese nation and its people. He finds an increasing degree of unity, a robust morale, a popular responsiveness to the sacrificial demands of the war, an awakening of Chinese women, and a rapidly developing stronghold in China's interior provinces. Against these favorable aspects, he sees dark patches in the continuance of graft, inertia, and inefficiency in some government quarters, the persistence of opium growing in Szechuan, an unwillingness of old-line officialdom to encourage full popular participation in the war, a continued struggle of the old China against submergence by the new. Nevertheless, he maintains that the new democratic forces are definitely in the ascendant. He concludes that the Chinese determination to resist, combined with Japan's inability to hold more ground than its troops actually occupy and garrison, condemns the Japanese invasion to ultimate defeat.

T. A. Bisson, a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association, has recently spent much time in the Orient.

A Poetic Novel of North Ireland

CALL MY BROTHER BACK. By Michael McLaverty. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1939. $2.

Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

HERE again we come upon that haunting prose music which is the sole and distinguishing property of the Irish writers. McLaverty has it in full measure. His book is steadily lyrical and leaves eye and ear richly gratified. His is a sadder and more delicate music than the bright, wild quality of O'Faolain, or O'Flaherty's bitter challenging. For McLaverty writes of the Island of Rathlin, off the north coast of Ireland, where the dissensions of politics and religion are strained through the heavy mists and are heard as echoes. The life on Rathlin is rudimentary, close to the core, something to be wrested from the cold and the waves and warmed at the hearth. McLaverty gives us the boy Colm MacNeill, and his brother, Jamesy, and their father, old Daniel, and the others, in terms of their own existence on the Rathlin rocks, tender, strong, pious, loving each other and loving the elements in an old, forgotten way—and all of it expressed in the rich, natural tongue as they speak it.

Later the scene shifts to Belfast, where Colm goes to study, the family following. There the clash of Ireland comes upon them, the Orange against the Green, Catholic against Protestant. Their elder brother, Alec, is slain in the street fighting, and they return mournfully to Rathlin to bear the ache of his death. But nothing of this civil war or personal tragedy is reflected in the unswerving lyricism of McLaverty's writing; they do not deflect it but appear there as deeper notes, as suggestions of another course he is not now willing to follow. If we would complain at all, it would be against this all-too-perfect unity of style, treating as it does of Ireland's bitter crisis in the same unfaltering lyrical terms that served for Colm's tender boyhood. It would have been a larger, stronger book if the steady music had broken where peace itself was broken. It is none the less a beautiful book.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Eyewitness of the Czech Surrender

BETRAYAL IN CENTRAL EUROPE. By G. E. R. Gedye. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

"HOW horrible, predestined, incredible it is," declared Mr. Neville Chamberlain on September 27, "that we should be digging trenches and trying on gas masks here because of a quarrel in a far away country between people of whom we need know nothing." This brilliant account of remote people and their quarrels should do much to enlighten the British Prime Minister, as well as the American public, regarding the significance—in terms of diplomatic prestige, military strength, and individual human suffering—of Nazi victories in Central Europe. Mr. Gedye, talented and experienced correspondent for the *New York Times*, records the fall of Austria and Czechoslovakia with a passionate regard for both accurate detail and democratic principle. His colorful narrative, the first post-Munich book to give a full eyewitness account of the Czech surrender, provides "human interest" material and outspoken indignation too often lacking in parliamentary papers, diplomatic notes, and prime ministers' speeches.

The betrayal in Central Europe was not a sudden and spontaneous event in 1938, but the result of cumulative mistakes, intrigues, and surrenders. Mr. Gedye devotes the larger part of his story to Austria, showing the gradual disintegration of national unity under the combined pressure of Nazi conspiracy, domestic strife, and Anglo-French hesitancy. He excels at vivid description of exciting events: the Vienna uprising of 1927, the suppression of the Socialists in 1934, the murder of Dollfuss and defeat of Schuschnigg, and the final conquest. His analysis of the Austrian leaders—Seipel, Otto Bauer, Dollfuss, Prince Starhemberg, and Schuschnigg—affords additional insight into the breakdown of the republic. The later chapters on Czechoslovakia are briefer and more episodic, but no less useful as a case-study in Nazi penetration and triumph, and in Anglo-French acquiescence and connivance. Mr. Gedye's picture of the Runciman mission, always partial to the Henlein forces, provides new and disconcerting evidence of the objectives and methods of Tory diplomacy.

This unhappy story of "the fallen bastions" will be told many times again, but never with greater sympathy for the victims and greater contempt for the betrayers. Mr. Gedye takes sides, and compels his reader to take sides, when he portrays the Vienna workmen bombed in their apartments and hounded into sewers, the Jews scrubbing sidewalks while fun-loving Aryans watch and jeer, the stolid Czechs weeping after the announcement of surrender, and the refugees herded into prisons or marooned in the Danube. Even though his treatment of European affairs as seen from Vienna and Prague omits many important external factors and hardly does justice to the difficulties confronting the British and French governments, it reveals the weakness and shortsightedness of the Chamberlain regime and the consequent dangers to Western democracy. Mr. Gedye's book stands as a tribute to both the efficiency of modern journalism and the humaneness of the modern journalist.

James Frederick Green is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

G. E. R. Gedye fishing the Pielach, near Vienna

Beethoven and the Individual Life

BEETHOVEN. By Walter Riezler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

IT is a generally accepted esthetic dictum that in the historic evolution of music Beethoven opened the path to the cult of personality. There can be no doubt that the great symphonist felt the imperative and inexorable urge to face the universe about him not only as the member of a certain community but as a solitary individual. He realized with profound intensity the tragic and fatal loneliness of the personal life of a genius and fought the struggle for freedom, not for its own sake, but in order to apprehend the place of individual life within universal life. With this individualism he parted company with his forebears—although he retained the discipline of classicism—but his universalism distinguishes his music sharply from that of his romantic colleagues and successors among whom he is so often placed by his biographers. Thus Beethoven is not only the first but the only genius in the history of music who offered a universal solution for the problem of individual life, a fact which explains his undiminished hold on public and musicians alike.

The voluminous literature on the master indicates the unflagging interest in the great musician, but we are woefully lacking in modern essays that would bring us closer to him. Walter Riezler's "Beethoven" will prove to be an excellent guide for the seeker of Beethoven the musician. It is one of the works that comes from the small group of writers approaching the task with the critical eyes of the scholar and with the loving care of the sensitive musicians. While there is nothing essentially new in its pages, there is no work that offers as many new ideas to the English or American reader, for the author has obviously ransacked the whole literature usually not touched by critics and biographers. The first part of "Beethoven" consists of a short, concise biographical sketch, followed by an essay on Beethoven and Absolute Music, reserving the major part of the book for a study of his works. It is especially this last part which should be greeted by serious lovers of music with genuine pleasure, for it dwells upon the one subject of prime importance which is still missing from our literature on music: style analysis.

Within the compass of a small volume not much can be done and some of the author's generalizations (especially in part two) may sound a bit strange in their brevity, but he has succeeded in giving a very good idea of Beethoven the composer, which is more than many a celebrated writer and lecturer on music can claim. It is a pleasure to see his sound

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evaluation and analysis of such misrepresented works as the "even" symphonies, supposedly "inferior" to the "odd" ones, and many an ardent admirer of the "nicknamed" compositions (Moonlight, Pathétique, Pastoral sonatas, etc.) will do well to read the pages devoted to these, for the author has not been misled by the romantic tales which cling so tenaciously to them. There appears to be a discrepancy between the technique of analysis employed in the text—always lucid and on a high plane—and the rather simple glossary of technical terms in the appendix. In subsequent printings this may be enlarged or omitted altogether. There are good indexes and a preface by Wilhelm Furtwängler, which most of our conductors should read attentively.

A Novel about Botticelli

TUSCAN SPRING. By James Cleugh. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

IN this novel dealing with the life of Sandro Botticelli, Mr. Cleugh has attempted a vivid tapestry of the Italian Renaissance, seen largely through the eyes of an artist who sought not for realism or fluency but for an unattainable spiritual beauty. The book begins with the young apprentice of Fra Lippo Lippi, it ends with the old, tired, famous man who has been friendly with his contemporaries and yet always a little apart from them and must die as he has lived, in spite of his masterpieces, still unsatisfied.

It is obvious that Mr. Cleugh has delved deeply into his period. He can set a colorful scene and give us a certain sense of that quick, turbulent Spring that was the great age of Florence. His interpretation of Botticelli is an interesting one. And yet there are certain difficulties in his way. There are moving, exciting, and touching incidents in the book—there is a great deal of description of Botticelli's paintings—but somehow the painter himself, in spite of Mr. Cleugh's care, refuses to come vitally alive.

We hear a great deal about him, we see a great deal of him, but he himself remains static, the brooding dreamer whose quest for beauty is always his chief concern. So far as interpretation of character is concerned, Mr. Cleugh may be entirely right but the result in a novel is that the more vivid or more earthy characters, when they appear, play the hero right off the stage. Fra Lippo Lippi does so in the beginning. Leonardo does so whenever he walks on. Even the brief appearance of Michael Angelo, furiously hewing out his David, makes Botticelli seem pale by contrast. And unfortunately where the Renaissance is concerned, Mr. Cleugh has gone about his task with the relentless thoroughness of Baedeker. We meet or hear of almost every famous or notorious person of the epoch—Machiavelli, Savonarola, Lorenzo, Ghirlandaio, Verrocchio, Pico della Mirandola, and literally a hundred more. We cannot go into a tavern or climb a hill without flushing a whole covey of celebrities. Even Simonetta while having her portrait painted must remark of Amerigo Vespucci, "Perhaps one day some now unknown region of the earth will bear the name of Ameriga if my cousin's ships should ever touch it." At which moment one cannot help giving a low groan and wondering if Mr. Cleugh has really never heard of Savonarola Brown.

It is too bad that it should be so. Mr. Cleugh has certain gifts and is genuinely in love with his subject. But he has so overcrowded his stage with the great and famous that his central character lives only by fits and starts. You will find a great deal of information about the Renaissance here—a great deal of information about Sandro Botticelli. But the demon, the passion, the glow that made "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" unforgettably readable—these you will not find. Though, oddly enough, Mr. Cleugh's most successful portrait is also of Leonardo and whenever he appears the book takes on life. Next time perhaps, Mr. Cleugh will simplify things a little.

Correspondent's Holiday

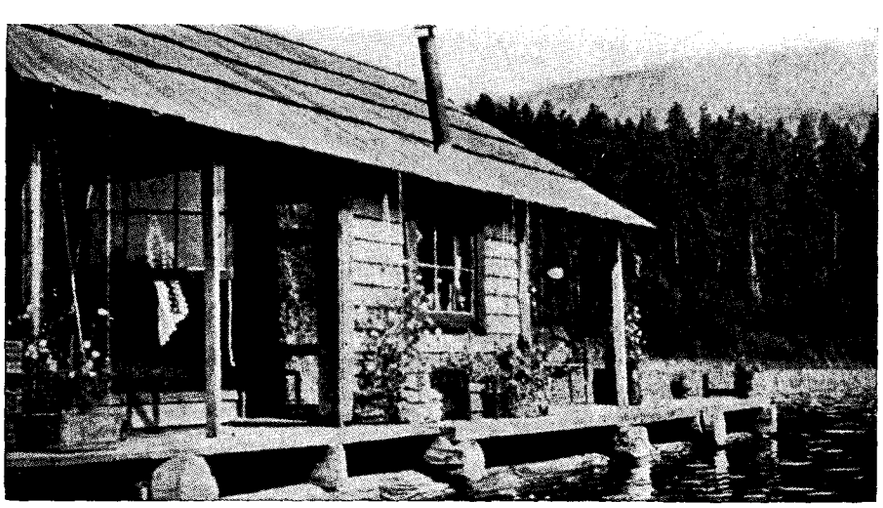
THE STORY OF A LAKE. By Negley Farson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE

MR. FARSON works both sides of the street. The reader of his own story, "The Way of a Transgressor," will feel a sense of familiarity with scenes and episodes which used in autobiographical form now turn up in this novel, spanning the same years. Mr. Farson's hero is a correspondent, and one hears the beat of time in the background of men and events of first news pages. The action is recited in what seems to be a reporter's style, and a swift and vivid one, too.

That lake in British Columbia, to which Mr. Farson retired for a year or two of his life, is the scene of his story. An odd collection of couples have escaped to this refuge, for various reasons. Tony Lynd is alone. A remittance man scrapes up enough to send his daughter to London for a season. Back with her comes Felicity (a triumph of misnaming) Tyrrell.

A chapter swiftly sets all this stage. Then the story cuts back to "The Years Between" and Tony's life as a European correspondent. Mr. Farson's story of a transgressor was commonly described as a narrative of escape; Tony's existence can fairly be regarded as a general jail delivery. Assorted affairs with Kyra, a Russian, over a geographical range from Moscow to India and back, then with Felicity in the British Isles and Spain, provide an escape at least from Chris, whom he had married for some reason not here sufficiently explained. A wholesale disillusionment with respect to his newspaper (for this there is adequate explanation) drives him eventually to flight to the Lake. The northern setting is in contrast to the life of London, but the preoccupations of men and women are the same. The characters in this simple Lake community are drawn in with convincing skill—more successfully than those in the so-called civilized capitals of Europe. Felicity comes out to the Lake to seek Tony—and the decision they make is Mr. Farson's story. A vivid, sophisticated novel for those who like the modern pace.



Negley Farson's houseboat in British Columbia

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*BOOK PREVIEW**

Wilson at the Peace Conference

BY

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

Lloyd George, Orlando, Clemenceau, and Wilson: "President Wilson none of us know. . . . Clemenceau followed his movements like an old watchdog" . . .

ALL the European delegates were especially concerned to discover what President Wilson was like, what he was after, and what he meant to insist upon. As to the rest of us, we had often met before and worked together harmoniously during the trials of the war. We could not always agree, but the disagreements were national rather than personal. We could only act within the limits permitted by the opinions of the people we respectively represented. Their exigencies, their difficulties, their aims, traditions, and prejudices had to be taken into account. We all understood that perfectly well and allowed for it in our judgment of the stand taken by others. Clemenceau, Orlando, Sonnino, Balfour, and I had conferred, conversed, and consulted times without number on all the most important issues with which we would be confronted at this Congress. Clemenceau and I had gone together through the dark and depressing events of the 1918 spring-time. But President Wilson none of us knew. He was the product, not, it is true, of a different world, but of another hemisphere. Whilst we were dealing every day with ghastly realities on land and sea, some of them visible to our own eyes and audible to our ears, he was soaring in clouds of serene rhetoric. When the Allied Armies were hard pressed and our troops were falling by the hundred thousand in vain endeavors to drive back our redoubtable foe, we could with difficulty even approach him to persuade him to view the grim struggle below, and to come down to earth to deal with its urgent demands before the accumulating slaughter should bury our cause in irreparable disaster. When he came to France, the French Government and people were anxious that he should visit the devastated areas so as to acquaint him with the demoniac actualities of war. He managed to elude their request and to ignore their hints right to the end. Once, under great pressure, he visited Rheims and, viewing the ruins that a few years ago were a glorious cathedral, congratulated the prelate on the edifice not being nearly as much defaced as he had expected to see it. He shunned the sight or study of unpleasant truths that diverted him from his foregone conclusions.

That is how Wilson appeared to those who met him for the first time, and they eyed him with a measure of suspicion not unmixed with apprehension. Clemenceau followed his movements like an old watchdog keeping an eye on a strange and unwelcome dog who has visited the farmyard and of whose intentions he is more than doubtful. There never was a greater contrast mental or spiritual than that which existed between these two notable men. It was part of the real joy of these Conferences to observe Clemenceau's attitude towards Wilson during the first five weeks of the Conference. He listened with eyes and ears lest Wilson should by a phrase commit the Conference to some proposition which weakened the settlement from the French standpoint.

I really think that at first the idealistic President regarded himself as a missionary whose function it was to rescue the poor European heathen from their age-long worship of false and fiery gods. He was apt to address us in that vein, beginning with a few simple and elementary truths about right being more important than might, and justice being more eternal than force. No doubt Europe needed the lesson, but the President forgot that the Allies had fought for nearly five years for international right and fair play, and were then exhausted and sore from the terrible wounds they had sustained in the struggle. They were therefore impatient at having little sermonettes delivered to them, full of rudimentary sentences about things which they had fought for years to vindicate when the President was proclaiming that he was too proud to fight for them. Those who suggest that anyone sitting at that table resented President Wilson's exalted principles are calumniating the myriads who died for those ideals. We were just as truly there to frame a treaty that would not dishonor their memory as was the President of the United States.

There was a memorable meeting where President Wilson's homiletic style provoked from Clemenceau one of his most brilliant replies. It arose over the question of the restoration to France of the 1814 frontier of the Saar Valley. The Allied Powers, including Britain, Prussia, Russia, and Austria, had after Napoleon's overthrow in 1814 determined the North-Eastern frontiers of France in such a way as to give to the French a part of the Saar Valley. Clemenceau pleaded for the restoration of a frontier thus accorded to France in the hour of complete defeat. President Wilson retorted "that was a hundred years ago—a hundred years is a very long time." "Yes," said Clemenceau, "a very long time in the history of the États-Unis." Wilson then diverged into his usual rhapsody about the superiority of right to might: he referred to those great French idealists—Lafayette and Rochambeau—whose names were held in immortal honor in the United States; and he ended an eloquent appeal to Clemenceau by quoting Napoleon's saying on his deathbed that "in the end right always triumphed over might." Clemenceau did not reply in English, of which he had a considerable mastery, but as was his invariable practice when he had something to say to which he attached importance, sent for an interpreter and then replied in French. He said: "President Wilson has quoted Napoleon as having said that in the end might was beaten by right. He says that he uttered this sentiment on his deathbed. Had it been true it was rather late for him to have discovered it. But it was not true. President Wilson alluded in glowing language to those idealistic young

* *This week* The Saturday Review *presents an excerpt from "Memoirs of the Peace Conference," by David Lloyd George, to be published by the Yale University Press. The selection herewith is condensed from the chapter, "President Wilson and Colonel House."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frenchmen who helped to liberate America. However exalted the ideals of Lafayette and Rochambeau, they would never have achieved them without force. Force brought the United States into being and force again prevented it from falling to pieces." The President acknowledged the cogency of the reply.

When the Congress was drawing to a close, Clemenceau asked me in his abrupt manner: "How do you like Wilson?" I replied: "I like him, and I like him very much better now than I did at the beginning." "So do I," said the Tiger. No three men, cooped together for so many months discussing momentous issues bristling with controversial points, ever got on better or more agreeably together than did Clemenceau, Wilson, and I. To quote M. Tardieu in his book on "The Truth about the Treaty": "Despite divergencies of opinion, the personal relations between the three men during those forty days have never ceased to be sincere, calm, and affectionate. May their fellow countrymen never forget it!" I gladly endorse this testimony to the good feeling, goodwill, and—towards the end—the really affectionate relations that existed between the three men who took the leading part in deciding the lines upon which the Versailles Treaty should be framed. When I criticize Wilson it will be with genuine personal regret. It will be attributable to my resolve to write a truthful narrative as to events and persons without reference to my own personal inclinations.

He was a most interesting but not a very difficult study. There were no obscurities or subtleties in his character—at least none that an average student of human nature could not decipher without much difficulty.

All men and women have dual natures. But Wilson was the most clear-cut specimen of duality that I have ever met. The two human beings of which he was constituted never merged or mixed. They were separate and distinct contrasts but nevertheless on quite good terms with each other. It is not that he had feet of clay. He stood quite firmly on his feet unless he was pushed over entirely. But there were lumps of pure unmixed clay here and there amidst the gold in every part of his character. And both were genuine. There was nothing false or sham about him. The gold was sterling and the clay was honest marl, and they were both visible to the naked eye. He was the most extraordinary compound I have ever encountered of the noble visionary, the implacable and unscrupulous partisan, the exalted idealist, and the man of rather petty personal rancors.

There has been a vast amount of discussion as to whether Wilson ought ever to have crossed the Atlantic and to have taken personal part in the deliberations of the Peace Conference. Opinion has now definitely settled down on the side of declaring that it was a grave error of judgment. That opinion is by no means confined to Wilson's detractors. I cannot say that I took that view at the time. I was delighted to have an opportunity of meeting him and of entering into a heart-to-heart discussion with this remarkable man on problems affecting the settlement of the world. I am now convinced that his personal attendance at the Conference was a mistake. It would undoubtedly have been better if he had chosen a mixed team of Democrats and Republicans to represent his views. He would have wielded much greater authority and achieved his own purpose more surely. A cable from the President of the United States intimating that he disapproved of some particular proposition and that, if it were inserted in the Treaty, he could not sign it, would have made it much easier for the French and British representatives to persuade their respective publics to accept modifications. But it was essential that the delegation appointed should not merely be men of capacity and influence, but also persons in whom the President trusted, and unfortunately he was not of a trustful disposition. That was his most disabling weakness—his pervasive suspiciousness. He believed in mankind but distrusted all men. Trustful natures encounter many hurtful disappointments in life, but they get more out of it than the suspicious. Coöperation with their fellow men is to the former a constant joy; to the latter it is a perpetual worry. With ordinary prudence, vigilance, and insight the former get the best help from the best helpers; the latter only get an uneasy and grudging service from the second best. The higher types respond to confidence and are chilled by distrust. For that reason Wilson never rallied first-rate minds around him and he did not always succeed in retaining the second-rate. That is why he decided that his personal presence in Europe and at the table of the Congress was inevitable. But the moment he appeared at our Councils, he was there on equal terms with the rest of us. His training had never qualified him for such a position.

The last time I saw him was when I visited America in 1923. It was shortly before his death. His health was then so precarious that his doctor warned me that the interview must be a short one. Physically he was a wreck. One side was paralyzed, but the impairment to his powers of speech was not apparent. He was pleased to see me and his reception was cordial. He alluded with pleasure to his experiences at the Conference. Of Clemenceau he spoke in kindly terms. But when the name of Poincaré was mentioned, all the bitterness of his nature burst into a sentence of concentrated hatred. "He is a cheat and a liar," he exclaimed. He repeated the phrase with fierce emphasis. Poincaré disliked and distrusted him and the detestation was mutual. The name of Coolidge provoked another outburst. When I informed him that I had just left his successor at the White House, he asked me what I thought of him. I replied that I was not quite sure. He replied: "I will tell you what he is like. Oscar Wilde once saw a man who was giving himself great airs at a social function. He went up to him and putting on his eyeglass"—here Wilson took his glasses in his right hand and fixed them at his eye—"he said to him: 'Are you supposed to be anyone in particular?' Coolidge is no one in particular." Here was the old Wilson with his personal hatreds unquenched right to the end of his journey.

We shunned all reference to the League of Nations. The doctor signalled to me that the interview should be terminated. That is the last I saw of this extraordinary mixture of real greatness thwarted by much littleness.

Was he hero, saint, or martyr? There was something of each in the struggles of the last years of his life and in the circumstances of his death, though not enough to warrant the claim made on his behalf to any of these noble appellations. But that he honestly consecrated an upright character and a fine intellect to the service of mankind, no one will deny who is not afflicted with a party spirit so charged with rancor as to have become an insanity of the soul.

Memories of Yeats

(*Continued from page 4*)

poems runs his resentment that the great energy that was his in his strong manhood was flickering away and could be less and less relied upon to support the tireless efforts of his mind:

> Consume my heart away; sick with desire
> And fastened to a dying animal
> It knows not what it is; and gather me
> Into the artifice of eternity.

Like Swift he has written his epitaph: that last poem which has the epitaph for its conclusion—it appeared in *The Irish Independent*, but has not yet been published here—is full of the old fighting spirit:—

> Know that when all words are said
> And a man is fighting-mad,
> Something drops from eyes long blind,
> He completes his partial mind,
> For an instant stands at ease,
> Laughs aloud, his heart at peace,
> Even the wisest man grows tense
> With some sort of violence
> Before he can accomplish fate,
> Know his work or choose his mate
>
> Irish poets, learn your trade,
> Sing whatever is well made,
> Scorn the sort now growing up
> All out of shape from toe to top,
> Their unremembering hearts and heads
> Base-born products of base beds.
>
> Cast your mind on other days
> That we in coming days may be
> Still the indomitable Irishry.

This, I think, is his last finished poem, his testament.

Mary M. Colum is the author of "From These Roots: the Ideas that Have Made Modern Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN INVITATION TO MEET
ADOLF HITLER AND HIS NAZIS
-but at a safe distance-

YOUR GUIDE: MARTHA DODD

daughter of ex-Ambassador to Germany William E. Dodd, who gives an outspoken account of her four years in Nazi Germany.

YOUR PASSPORT: THAT BOOK OF HERS

Through Embassy Eyes

She knows everyone in Nazi officialdom, and her intimate portrayals of the great and the near-great are probably without parallel. $3.00

"This is for the MIDDLETOWN market ...and tops..."

"It seems almost incredible that anyone could write MY SISTER EILEEN and win all through laughter – and then turn right about face and stir her readers to the depths with this extraordinarily moving history of a town (Akron) and its people."–*Virginia Kirkus's report to booksellers.* $3.00

Ruth
(MY SISTER EILEEN)
McKenney
INDUSTRIAL VALLEY

A novel by **Negley Farson**
AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR"

The Story of a Lake

A panoramic, lightning-paced novel of modern times, the hero a famous American newspaperman.
461 pages, $2.50

The favorite non-fiction book*

Listen! the Wind
by Anne Lindbergh

*So honored by the American Booksellers' Association Award. "Even better than NORTH TO THE ORIENT."–*Saturday Review.*
200th *thousand*, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

Here is the most masterly, the most completely damning analysis of Fascism yet made. And here is the answer to that question: What can America do about it?

by LEWIS MUMFORD
author of "Technics and Civilization," "The Culture of Cities"

Men Must Act

The first definite, practical program for the United States to follow in combatting fascism, *at the same time preserving world peace.* $1.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Musician of Norway

EDVARD GRIEG. By David Monrad-Johansen. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by GILBERT CHASE

TO some, the fact that Edvard Grieg was a Norwegian composer may seem insignificant beside the fact that he was a great composer. But to Grieg himself the fact that he was a Norwegian was of paramount importance. Had he not been a composer, he still would have striven with all his energy, in some other field, for the cultural independence of his country. He was a man who placed national aspirations above self-expression and personal glory. And because he was a musician he strove all his life to give Norway's soul a voice in music.

We know that he succeeded. But the full story of the cultural movement in which Grieg played so vital a part, and of the struggles and difficulties which he had to face, is now told for the first time with completeness and authority in this excellent biography, written by one who is himself a Norwegian and a composer. To read this book is not only to gain a rich insight into the life and art of a courageous and lovable personality, but also to understand the conditions under which Grieg worked, the ideals towards which he aspired, and the national spirit which is reflected in his music.

This is one of those rare musical biographies which should appeal equally to the layman and the musician. The author's admirable style, the sympathy and understanding which he brings to his subject, and his frequent quotations from the charming and vivacious letters of Grieg, combine to make the book as readable as it is enlightening. While avoiding technical detail, the author traces the evolution of Grieg's music with intimate knowledge and critical acumen.

The translation has been ably done by Madge Robertson, but some letters and quotations in German and French have been left in the original, which is hard on those who do not read these languages. The illustrations are numerous and attractive. A list of Grieg's compositions might have added to the reference value of the book. But it unquestionably stands as the authoritative biography of Grieg, and one of the best musical biographies of recent years.

Gilbert Chase was associate editor of the recently published "International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians."

North of the Nazis

RATS IN THE LARDER: The Story of Nazi Influence in Denmark. By Joachim Joesten. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

TO the average American Scandinavia is Europe's "quiet corner"—a backwater area amid Europe's swirling diplomatic currents and a region where many of the problems of democratic government seem to have been successfully solved. It is high time that an iconoclast arose to shatter this somewhat idyllic conception. Speaking for Denmark alone, and writing in a breezy style which conceals telling thrusts at that country's political leaders, Mr. Joesten acquaints us with some rather alarming realities. In his opinion Danish democracy has been seriously undermined by calculated Nazi penetration. Danish National Socialist factions are encouraged from across the border. Germans living in Denmark are regimented and set to espionage. The North Schleswig border dispute is held as a perennial threat over Danish heads. Germans systematically buy up land all along the disputed boundary. Germany's bilateral, controlled trade agreement with the Danes ruthlessly mulcts the little nation. German air and naval forces violate the territorial integrity of the country at will. The anti-Nazi press is intimidated. Everything possible is done to sustain the predominant Danish attitude that it is fruitless to try to resist German incursions.

In the face of such activities, which some powers (and, most of all, Nazi Germany) would regard as the epitome of provocation if turned against them, the Danish statesmen maintain a hush-hush policy of conciliation and vaguely hope that the miracle by which they were permitted to remain neutral in 1914 will be repeated. As in pre-war days, Denmark continues to prepare fortifications against naval attack by Britain, while leaving the German border undefended. Meanwhile, Denmark openly rebuffs attempts by the other Scandinavian nations to win its support for concerted efforts to achieve military security.

Swayed by his antipathy to fascism and a sincere concern for democracy, Mr. Joesten attempts to rally the Danes to a defense of their rights and their national integrity. He believes that a close alliance of rearmed Scandinavian nations would act as a deterrent to German aggression in that quarter, particularly if Britain were to resolve to defend Danish neutrality against German infringement. Yet there is much to be said in extenuation of the present Danish policy, disastrous as its ultimate effects may be. The League of Nations has gone; and the spirit of martial resistance was not precisely in evidence anywhere when Czechoslovakia, another small state, was subjected to German pressure. Under the circumstances the Danes cannot be too severely blamed for believing that a dash of the headstrong valor of the Vikings would be fruitless at the moment. Until those powers equipped to resist the Nazi dictatorship decide to do so, small nations must put their trust in compliant neutrality and negotiation.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE STONEWARE MONKEY *R. Austin Freeman* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Murder and jewel theft in rural England have deadly aftermath in artistic London circles, as erudite Dr. Thorndyke discovers.	Masterly handling by G.O.M. of mystery writers of not entirely opaque problem made specially enjoyable by sly jabs at modern art.	Perfection
DEATH TEARS A COMIC STRIP *Theodora Dubois* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Unloved Staten Island stepfather dies from "morphine withdrawal." Shot kills brother. "Surgeon-Sleuth" McNeill—aided by wife—operates successfully.	"Maddeningly complicated" case involves batch of ebullient and likable characters, slick tricks with dope, and surprise solution.	A-1
THE URGENT HANGMAN *Peter Cheyney* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	Slim Callaghan, London private detective, pins murder of rich father on proper member of unwholesome clan.	Resourceful sleuth with heart of gold, nerves of iron, and tongue of brass does his stuff to slang obbligato.	Mild thriller
THE CASE OF THE GREEN FELT HAT *Christopher Bush* (Holt: $2.)	Ludovic Travers, on rural honeymoon, uses knowledge of golf to solve murder of crooked and much hated English "share pusher."	Ludo suffers less than other fictional sleuths turned Benedick. Features of tale include likable characters and tantalizing finish.	Entertaining
DOOR NAILS NEVER DIE *Anthony Wynne* (Lippincott: $2.)	Rich English farmer and country parson slain in inexplicable fashion. Dr. Hailey runs counter to cops and clears doomed suspect.	Dignified doctor's nocturnal wanderings by land and sea add zest of adventure to much involved yarn with solution bordering fantastic.	Agreeable
THE CLUE OF THE ARTIFICIAL EYE *J. S. Fletcher* (Hillman-Curl: $2.)	Nine short stories of murder and theft with Paul Campenhaye, criminologist, as hero.	All tales pretty badly "dated," with only occasional flashes of deceased master.	Graveyard hay
SENTENCE DEFERRED *August Derleth* (Scribners: $2.)	Banker's bones found in burned house after business failure. Judge Peck deftly straightens out murder mystery.	Small town background and characters especially well done. Neat legal tie-up tightens plot.	Better grade

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Biography of a Mind

GEORGE SANTAYANA. By George W. Howgate. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by MILTON K. MUNITZ

THERE are probably few who would disagree with Mr. Howgate's prophecy that "we shall have had in George Santayana one of the remarkable men of this generation." Mr. Howgate presents us with a studied and laboriously accurate summary of Santayana's writings and life; he narrates the biography of a mind in which the poet, moral philosopher, essayist, critic, and metaphysician have variously played their roles, not however independently of one another, but rather as manifold expressions of and approaches to an underlying central interest in the relation of man and his spirit to the universe. To one who has traversed both Santayana's own writings and the comparatively small body of critical literature about him, Mr. Howgate's book will afford little beyond what he already knows or has learned from those experiences. For those on the other hand who for one reason or another have not read extensively in Santayana, this book provides in convenient form an organized account of Santayana's extended adventures in criticism, poetic expression, and constructive philosophy. The book will have served a useful purpose if, by means of its well-advised technique of generous quotations and by its restrained enthusiasm and sympathy for its subject, it induces its readers to turn to Santayana's own writings for the genuine intellectual and esthetic enjoyment which they have to offer. For Santayana like Schopenhauer is his own best expositor.

Furthermore, the reader will then realize more than he might perhaps from Mr. Howgate's account, that Santayana is primarily a philosopher and not merely a great literary artist. For in approaching Santayana from a literary rather than a technically philosophic point of view, as Mr. Howgate does, one misses, it seems to the present reviewer, that which endows the means of expression with its genuine value, its felicitous and lucid conveyance of a body of principles that arrest the mind in their own right.

When critically examined, these principles will be found to crystallize around a serious attempt to unite in morals and metaphysics a thoroughgoing recognition of the material forces in life and nature with an equally thoroughgoing appreciation of spiritual values as these have been celebrated in the great idealistic traditions. Santayana's intellectual itinerary in the course of some forty-odd years has included Athens, Rome, and even Calcutta, and it is as a studied attempt to combine the insights of Greek ethics and Indian or Catholic spirituality that the ultimate fruits of this unique journey must be judged. And although Mr. Howgate, in relative neglect of considering the difficulties in the way of ultimately uniting these divergent materials, seems to accept Santayana's own judgment of their compatibility, other readers might be led to question such a synthesis. For the latter it will be possible to understand and evaluate the implications of a theory of the spiritual life such as Santayana develops in his later writings in its relation to current political and moral problems. For in so far as such a life entails a disintoxication from moral concerns as irrational or conventional necessities, it exhibits a form of escapism that in no way conforms to the moral idealism of the life of reason. Such a reader will also appreciate the manner in which the construction of the "Realms of Being" reflects the selective emphases of a moral philosophy different in temper from that originally sketched with such admirable comprehensiveness in "The Life of Reason." He will differentiate in his own mind the separate strands of philosophic influence, those stemming from Aristotelian naturalism, Platonic dualism, and Lockean agnosticism, that have in one way or another entered into Santayana's thought, and arrive at an estimation of these as expressions of variously different persuasions of thought and conduct.

Yet whatever be one's own preferences or allegiances in these matters, it is an undeniable truth about Santayana that his writings are provocative precisely for the reason that they are many-sided. They combine profundity of thought and artistry of expression; they unite Olympian detachment and interest in universal principles with pointedly shrewd analyses of current affairs or historical matters of fact. One can turn, therefore, to Santayana's poetry; to his critical analyses of literary figures like Goethe, Shelley, or Dante; to his discerning comments on the habits of mind and conduct in England, America, or Germany; to his extensive moral examination of the natural conditions and possible ideal developments of institutions such as art, science, religion, and society; or finally to his more technical discussions concerning the nature of knowledge and the generic traits of reality, and in each case either be rewarded with insights that pierce to the truth of the matter, or be challenged by the masterful defense of a position that calls for critically circumspect thoughts.

"I like moving on and on, which is lucky, because . . .

I Married a Vagabond

BY RACHEL LATTA (MRS. HARRY A.) FRANCK

Here is both a travel book of wide appeal and a human document of extraordinary interest. Married to a man who is ever starting for some far-off land, Mrs. Franck has thoroughly enjoyed accompanying her husband and making a home for the family in all parts of the world. Wherever possible they have shunned the beaten track and, as a result, have become familiar with strange customs and ways of life the ordinary traveler never sees. Mrs. Franck's enthusiasm for travel is infectious and her vivid prose carries us along on a glorious series of irresistible adventures, the spirit of which is delightfully caught in the charming illustrations by Charles Child. No one who has thrilled to Mr. Franck's "Vagabond Journeys" or who likes travel will want to miss this volume. $2.50

PLAIN ENGLISH

BY WILLIAM FREEMAN

This forthright book tells you in plain English what plain English is. It answers all the questions you have wondered about, concerning grammar, linguistics, style, background of words, their use in everyday language as well as in poetry and prose. Edited by Blanche Colton Williams. $1.50

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY • 35 West 32nd Street, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Story of Akron

INDUSTRIAL VALLEY. By Ruth McKenney. New York: Harcourt, Brace Co. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by PAUL BIXLER

"THIS," says Miss McKenney, "is a true story of Akron, Ohio." It is true in that the author has lived long enough with her material to know exactly what she wants to say. It is a story in that its values are human, its setting carefully arranged, and its climax powerful. The fact that Akron is under the spotlight indicates, sociologically speaking, that what we have here is a small Detroit superimposed upon a Muncie, Indiana.

Put in another way, "Industrial Valley" is a kind of success story on the subject of labor. Like any other success story, it may be said to have its recipe. To be brief (too brief for justice), Miss McKenney tells us to take such ingredients of a small city as paternalism in industry, a predisposition to religion, inherent neighborliness, a weak banking structure, and a government elected more for looks or entertainment than for service. While holding these in solution, add a preponderance of American but Southern-born independence and stir for four years (January 1, 1932 to March 21, 1936) over a hot fire of industrial depression. The dish (labor-union, of course) when ready to serve, will be discovered to hold strong traces of C. I. O. and communism, both acquired tastes, but it will prove nourishing, especially for those accustomed to a starvation diet. Miss McKenney implies not only that we can all expect more servings of it in America but that we should learn to ask for it.

For serious readers (those not reading chiefly for narrative interest) the book raises quite as many questions as it supplies answers. One would like to know what emphasis Miss McKenney would give to incidents in Akron since March, 1936. Why did she fail to explain or even record the $25,000, said on good authority to have been contributed by Akron merchants to the rubber union's treasury during the big strike? Why did she give such a confusing picture of the Akron *Times-Press*? I suspect that the story of the writing of this book would be quite as interesting and fully half as long as the book itself.

As befits a humorist (author of "My Sister Eileen") and a good reporter, Miss McKenney is surest in her satire, in her treatment of recorded fact and of movements in the mass. Toward its finale her story marches with the trend of inevitability. Only in the imaginative re-creation of individual thought and emotion does there occasionally creep in the overcharged adjective of the sob-sister. These lapses do not happen often enough to prevent her book from being one of the most moving tales of labor yet told in this country.

Mr. Bixler is librarian of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Men and Books

THE PRINTING OF BOOKS. By Holbrook Jackson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. $5.

Reviewed by CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

AS the author observes, this title is misleading, for the book in hand deals not with the technicalities of book printing, but with books from the point of view of authors and readers. If "the sea of printing is as yet inadequately charted," Mr. Jackson has done much to make it a pleasant sea on which to voyage, and his work on the nineteenth century and his "Anatomy of Bibliomania" are like the gossipy "Voyages" of an experienced traveler which help in the understanding of the more serious maps and charts of others.

A full half of Mr. Jackson's book is devoted to Dibdin, Fitzgerald, Ruskin, Whistler, Bridges, Shaw, Moore, Craig, Gill, and Meynell, and the influence which they have had on the printers of their books. Not printers themselves, their influence as amateurs of printing has been toward that "beautiful negligence of a gentleman" which Horace Walpole wanted his Strawberry Hill volumes to have. Ruskin was intolerant of word divisions; Shaw has had more respect for the integrity of a page of type; while Gill and Meynell have almost the professional printer's attitude toward their work. But all of the authors named have livened the work of their printers by interesting amateur touches.

The remainder of the book is given over to several essays on a variety of topics—William Morris, the Double Crown Club, Lovatt-Frazier, etc., all treated with that easy familiarity which makes Mr. Jackson's work so readable. A wealth of quotations and a curious disregard of the work of American printers are notable.

The book is well printed by the Oxford University Press, and the illustrations, mostly of lesser known items of printing, are of more than usual interest.

Yes, this is an advertisement, and a corker!

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MOOR FIRES MYSTERY *Harriette R. Campbell* (Harpers: $2.)	Poisoning of London derelict and violent deaths of peer and secretary in Scotland strangely linked, as detective Simon Brade discovers.	Consolidation of clues and motives by ivory cube device fascinating—also brilliant writing, likable people, and deeply laid plot.	For connoisseurs

Civil War Strategy

LEE, GRANT AND SHERMAN. By Colonel Alfred H. Burne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1939. $3.

Reviewed by
R. ERNEST DUPUY, MAJOR, F.A.

OUR British brethren-in-arms have always taken avid interest in the operations of the War of the Rebellion, so it is no surprise that another talented English soldier offers an additional contribution to the mass of Civil War literature. Perhaps the outstanding feature of this book is its impartial objectivity.

Beginning with a concise five-page summary of the first three years of the war, Colonel Burne analyzes critically troop-leading on both sides through the period April, 1864 to Appomatox. He matches Grant with Lee in the Wilderness-Cold-Harbor-Spottsyslvania campaign; Sherman with Johnston and Hood before Atlanta and thence to the sea; and Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, with particular emphasis upon Jubal Early's whirlwind invasions of Maryland, July-August, 1864, when Confederate gray hammered on the very door of the capital.

Most interesting are the analogies Colonel Burne has drawn between modern war and his subject. He brings out, for instance, Grant's doctrine of attrition; his order at Cold Harbor on exploiting local successes: ". . . pile in troops at the successful point from wherever they can be taken," a forerunner of "soft spot tactics"; the fallacy of crystal-gazing as to "enemy probable intentions"; Jubal Early's shuttle transport—now used in motor-convoys to economize on vehicles—when he put all the men he could in railroad trains, marching the remainder along the line to be picked up by the returning empties.

The book, intended primarily for professional study, is emphatically sound in approach and execution. But Colonel Burne is also to be congratulated upon a vividness of style which results in an entertaining story for the layman. And he has carefully avoided the pitfall into which many military writers slip—elaboration of tactical and technical details.

His conclusions? As he says: "Controversy will rage over the subject till the crack of doom." None of his celebrated trio really suffers in stature, although he handles them without gloves, deftly picking the chinks in their armor. Sherman's failing, he feels, lay in pursuing a geographical rather than a military objective; he also finds that his "March to the Sea" had no direct influence on the collapse of the Southern Confederacy. Grant's most striking quality was "his broadness of conception and singleness of aim." The author expressly clears him of the oft-repeated *canard* that he wasted the lives of his men, but criticizes his long wait before Petersburg with an open flank. Lee he lauds as a "military leader *par excellence*."

The bibliography is excellent, the maps and index adequate. The introduction by Douglas Southall Freeman is well worth careful reading. A time-table keeps the reader oriented on the general situation: an excellent idea.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Book-Talk

BY JOHN HADFIELD

LAST year was not a good year for British diplomacy or the British book-trade. Only three books were unquestionable best-sellers: "Rebecca," "Northwest Passage," and Douglas Read's "Insanity Fair." The first was by an already popular writer. The second, its author's first real success in England, crossed the Atlantic with the best-seller label attached. The third came quietly into print and sold steadily throughout the year.

For literature, as distinct from profits and royalties, it was a lean year too. E. M. Forster and Sir Hugh Walpole, representing two schools of critical opinion, named Elizabeth Bowen's "Death of the Heart" as the novel of the year. Several critics chose R. C. Hutchinson's "Testament." Graham Greene's "Brighton Rock" was much discussed. The Lawrence letters, F. D. Ommaney's "South Latitude," Bruce Lockhart's "Guns or Butter," and Sassoon's "The Old Century" are the only other notable books that spring to mind.

The liveliest literary controversy has been caused by Howard Spring, who is better known here as book critic of the London *Evening Standard* than as a novelist. Reviewing Agatha Christie's latest Poirot story he committed the unpardonable crime of revealing the plot and the identity of the murderer. "I call this a clumsy crime," he concluded, "a clumsy solution, and an overladen narrative. If this makes 'a major Christie' then my darkest suspicions about these detective novels are confirmed." At once a flood of abusive letters poured upon him, and John Dickson Carr, on behalf of the Detection Club, sent a severe reproof to the *Evening Standard* for allowing Spring to break an unwritten law of reviewing. To these attacks Howard Spring replied with an article condemning the cult of the detective story. He broke the reviewers' rule deliberately, he said, in order to expose the worthlessness of most modern detective stories. Extraordinary feeling was aroused by this article. The *Evening Standard* has not received so many letters on a literary topic since Arnold Bennett died. In spite of the abuse to which he has been subject by detective-addicts, Spring tells me that the supporters of his view are in a majority.

After a silence of nearly two years, during which there have been no regular book talks on the radio, the British Broadcasting Corporation has yielded to the arguments of authors, publishers, and booksellers that they should be resumed. In this the B.B.C. was influenced by the immense popularity of broadcast serials, such as "Monte Cristo," "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Les Miserables." The cardinal rule that there must be no radio advertising makes the B.B.C. chary of appearing to favor commercial interests in books; but a regular panel of book-broadcasters has been chosen, including Desmond MacCarthy (whose voice is well known on the air), Sir Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton, Arthur Bryant, John Brophy, Helen Simpson, Holbrook Jackson, and E. M. Forster.

The great popularity of paper-covered six-penny books continues to be the most hotly debated topic in the book world. The other chief innovation of recent years, low-price book clubs, is becoming accepted. The first of them, the Left Book Club, has a membership which is constant at about 40,000. Readers Union, a non-political club, has 25,000 members. The Right Book Club's membership is uncertainly known—probably about 15,000. The latest is the Liberal Book Club, whose first book, "Life within Reason," by theater-critic Ivor Brown, is about to be issued. All these clubs issue their monthly "choices" to members at two shillings and sixpence.

The publishers' plans for the near future are not as ambitious as usual. There are signs of more selectivity in publishing. Amongst outstanding books which will soon be published is a collection of Anthony Eden's speeches, called "Foreign Affairs"; but there are not as many important books on the political situation as might be expected. Both Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene are publishing books on Mexico. The most notable autobiography is likely to be "A Number of People," by Sir Edward ("Eddie") Marsh, private secretary to several famous politicians, and a great connoisseur of literature and painting. There are to be two new biographies of Lloyd George. Most individual of the season's books may be "Tumbling in the Hay," by Oliver St. John Gogarty, Irish wit, surgeon, and politician—an enchanting and outrageous narrative of Dublin life. Ann Bridge's new novel about China, "Four-Part Setting," is considered to be her best. The American invasion is assured of a success in "Dynasty of Death," which is the "choice" of the Book Society for March. Of more significance will be T. S. Eliot's new play, "The Family Reunion," and the issue in a limited edition of Joyce's "Work in Progress." Despite their increasing years these two innovators of the twenties maintain their supremacy in London's literary life.

John Hadfield is editor of J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 256)

YEATS—
A PRAYER FOR MY DAUGHTER

And may her bridegroom bring her to a house
Where all's accustomed, ceremonious;
For arrogance and hatred are the wares
Peddled in the thoroughfares.
How but in custom and in ceremony
Are innocence and beauty born?

Send today for this FREE biography of Honoré Morrow whose new book, DEMON DAUGHTER: The Confession of a Modern Girl and Her Mother, has just been published.

William Morrow & Co., Inc.
386 4th Ave., N. Y. C.

THE ALL-NATIONS PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION
will close March 31, 1939.
Send manuscripts, or write for full particulars, to
FARRAR & RINEHART, INC.
232 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

LIFE AFTER DEATH The most detailed and definite teaching on the certainty of immortality is to be found in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, famed theologian and scientist.

Free—Swedenborg's 632 page, large type book **"HEAVEN AND HELL"**
Sketch of Swedenborg's life included.
Send 5c for postage
SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Inc.
Room 1621, 51 East 42nd St., New York
Name .....
Address .....
Name and Address of Friend who might be interested:
.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Art

DEFENSE OF ART. By Christine Herter. Norton. 1938. $2.

Christine Herter would defend art against those literary, philosophical, psychological, and scientific writers who create "confusion of language" and who "manufacture obscurity" by weaving "verbally expressed theories irrelevant to the principles of artistic creation and . . . therefore, also irrelevant to any critical appreciation of the arts of painting and sculpture." She quotes passages from Read, Fry, Berenson, Barr, and Cheney which, to be sure, contain ambiguous and inflated language; and the pages in which the author punctures the "pompous blowings" of Dr. Barnes provide amusing matter. Too often, however, the work of thoughtful and original critics is unfairly presented in fragments torn from their context and condemned on the basis of the author's own misinterpretation of their intended meaning,—as when she gives the word "texture" as used by Roger Fry a special definition of her own as a basis for attacking his quite different use of the same term, or when she reproaches John Dewey with ignoring the part which individual genius played in the creation of the Parthenon, in a passage where Dewey's sole purpose is to "restore continuity between the refined and intensified forms of experience that are works of art and the everyday events, doings and sufferings that are universally recognized to constitute experience." Such methods contribute to the manufacture of obscurity.

One may grant that we talk too much about art. This book may serve as a mild antidote to the verbalism and half-truth which characterize some "interpretations" of modern art. But the problems involved are too knotty to be cut through by the edgeless aphorisms offered us here.

O. L.

Belles Lettres

MODERN POETRY: A Personal Essay. By Louis MacNeice. Oxford. 1939. $3.

This engagingly modest book is precisely what it intends to be: a personal essay. It will not supplant the best book in the field, Riding and Graves's "A Survey of Modernist Poetry," although it is an interesting extension of that work; and it does not pretend to compete with Caudwell's difficult and confused "Illusion and Reality." Mr. MacNeice has set himself to discuss contemporary poetry in the light of his own experience as student and poet. The first half of the book is devoted to his "case-book"—his formal introduction to poetry in preparatory school, the development of his taste in public school and in Oxford. He quotes copiously from his schoolboy and undergraduate themes, and his comments upon them are as penetrating as they are amusing. The rest of the book treats technical problems—matters as fundamental as metric and rhyme, imagery, diction, the quality of obscurity. He concludes with a brief statement of his faith as an artist.

The student will complain that "Modern Poetry" is largely superficial; that Mr. MacNeice makes everything much too simple; that his comments on Auden and Spender, even on his own work, are easy generalizations. This complaint is unjust: in the first place, this book was not written for students but for the intelligently interested general reader; in the second place, the informal, easy manner is deceptive—a great deal of hard thought, of sensitive criticism, has gone into it. Much of this criticism is exceptionable—Mr. MacNeice is frequently perverse in his enthusiasms and his dismissals, and his ability to detect "surréalisme" in almost everything he doesn't like reminds one of the Dies Committee's daily discoveries of Communism Everywhere—, but what personal essay, by very definition, is not? "Modern Poetry" is a cantankerous, keen, and wholly delightful book.

D. F.

Fiction

THE AGE OF THE FISH. By Odon von Horvath. Dial Press. 1939. $2.

This novel holds attention for two reasons: it is an exciting story told with the economy of verse, and it reveals in the writer a versatile, individual, and elusively contradictory mind. The locale is anonymous but it is obviously a fascist one, and the center of interest is a provincial schoolteacher, one of whose students is murdered during a camping trip. The effect of suspense derives not only from the incidents but from the detached and exact manner in which the author describes the conflict between the disillusioned, secretly rebellious teacher and the boys in his charge. This conflict is real because the boys are not merely little cartoon fascists, but convincing schoolboys, and their brutality takes off so easily from the normal behavior of adolescents. So does their contempt, which has its most perfect representative in the boy with the eyes of a fish. Against the glassy stare of derision, of indifference positive not negative, the teacher is more helpless than against violence itself. This seems to us the most significant point in the book, and it is moving because without exaggeration. The style, if it is fair to judge by translation, has a great deal to do with this simplicity, having sometimes the directness of drama and sometimes the abbreviative power of poetry. (Horvath was playwright and poet as well as novelist.)

There are some loose ends: the author makes a good many references to God in the last part of the book, imposing a tone of allegory which is a little heavy. There are touches of unintegrated sentiment about a girl, and the ending is somehow weak, perhaps because it seems too easy for the grimness of the story. These things result, no doubt, from the complexities of the author's mind. His sensibility is aristocratic, individualist, with a bitter, imaginative wit, and a very lyrical feeling for natural scenery. And at the same time, this highly personal sensibility plays back and forth with a concern for the fate of a generation and an awareness of the social as well as cultural implications of fascism.

With an irony which Horvath would no doubt have appreciated, his curious and accidental death made him known to a public which had never heard of him until he was killed, a young man, by a lightning-struck tree last spring. There is much in "The Age of the Fish" to make one hope that more of his work will be translated into English.

I. W. A.

THIS TIME A BETTER EARTH. By Ted Allan. Morrow. 1939. $2.50.

AMATEURS IN ARMS. By F. J. Joseph. Carrick & Evans. 1939. $2.50.

In what has already been written about the Spanish war the best has subordinated the old form of the individual's story to the story of men, the story of the war, and, best of all, the truth and face of the real events, the real people. Ted Allan, however, has written his novel along the old lines. His story is that of a boy who went over like several thousand other Americans and Canadians to join the International Brigades. Slightly wounded in a bombardment at the base early in the game, and sent to Madrid to broadcast short-wave radio news bulletins to America, he felt he wasn't doing the job he'd come to do, and thought he was a coward and a faker not to be with his pals in the XVth Brigade. He took his trouble out in feeling terribly unhappy when anyone he knew was killed, and also in having a very happy but confusing love affair with a beautiful German girl photographer.

There are good things in the book, though the prose is almost never one of them. Allan's very average style, however, gives the American boys he describes the ordinary American quality that was true of them. And much of his detail, though badly employed and wasted on the story, is true historically. The chronology of events is accurate, some battles are described by men who took part in them, all the names of places are real, and the men are often recognizable even with their false whiskers and fictional names. Anyone with an historian's eye for it will find meat here, most of all in the songs. Among them is the old Jarama song to the tune of "The Red River Valley." This is only one of the many versions that were sung, but it is a good one.

F. J. Joseph's book also includes a certain leavening of undoubted truth. It is blurbed as a novel based on the true but secret facts of the illegal arms traffic in connection with the Spanish war. Most of it turns out to be, however, a rather involved and dull series of episodes in the lives of petty swindlers and racketeers. They all see that a lot of money is to be made out of the arms business—if they could only get some arms to do business with—and the jargon of the trade is hopefully evident. A young German whose father is a fictional Krupp decides for the best reasons to help the Spanish Republic, and after blundering around Paris interminably he manages to pull off a real deal, but by this time the reader is pretty well exhausted and can't cheer for any-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one. A few characters actually in the business appear and disappear briskly, but someone interested in the arms racket would do better with a standard work on the subject, or in just reading the papers. As this author himself indicates, today the real business is done through governments.

J. B.

SUNDAY IS THE DAY YOU REST. By John Upton Terrell. Coward-McCann. 1939. $1.25.

It is probable that Mr. Terrell started out to write a terse and objective account of a prostitute on her day off, so that we might see her truthfully, with her hair up. But he was not proof against the sentimental literary conventions that surround this subject, and ended by packing most of them into the hundred-odd pages of his little book, and thereby crowding out whatever realism he may have intended. His Flo Kubic is a vague and wistful figure filled with a markedly self-conscious sense of tragedy. There is a friend and colleague who lives with her, called Babe, and because Mr. Terrell has no special interest in Babe he presents her casually, in off-hand sentences and with no emotion. The resultant credible vividness of Babe is a token of what he could have done, and should have, with Flo.

N. L. R.

OUR LIVES HAVE JUST BEGUN. By Henry Myers. Stokes. 1939. $2.50.

The Children's Crusade of the thirteenth century was a curious phenomenon in history—a touching, tragic phenomenon. "Our Lives Have Just Begun" attempts to explain how that band of childish fanatics may have started on their quest. Stephen of Cloyes, the leader, was a simple shepherd boy about ten. He mistook a troubadour, Adam Brisson, for the Lord. He leaped at the suggestion that innocent children, rather than older sinners, might get back the Lord's Tomb. The crusade was started.

Children flocked to follow Stephen. Like the Pied Piper (a legend based on this crusade), he drew them in hordes. The king did not stop him. Nor the Bishop. Nor hunger. Nor distances. Like a flock of sparrows, they lived off the land. He managed to get his band from Paris to Marseilles, and after many hardships, to set sail. He was helped through his trials by a faithful little disciple named Blanche. Unfortunately, the children met a sad fate. Some were sold into slavery, some were lost at sea, and many perished. According to "Our Lives Have Just Begun," Stephen kept his faith to the last, to his death. Even Adam Brisson's ironic confession did not shake him.

The book gives a simple, sometimes sardonic, account of this remarkable expedition. The historical background of the year 1212 is well indicated. History itself furnishes the best part of the tale, for no more remarkable story can be found in its pages. Truth is again much stranger than fiction. The children, poor sparrows, deserved a better fate—but one is obliged to reproach history, not the author, that such innocent faith did not triumph.

R. B.

THE PLATINUM TOWER. By Jerome Bahr. Scribners. 1939. $2.

In a brief story, in a small house, Mr. Bahr has assembled what is surely the most appalling family ever invented. With Esther, who suggests the White Queen, and her husband, Tom, who combines the qualities of the White Knight and the Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang, live their niece and her husband, a burlesque proletarian hero, humorless, unemployed, and panting to find a formula for humanity. The varied contretemps of the household are meant to be amusing—the misbehavior of the dog, the cat, and the monkey, the baffling stupidity of the maid, Esther's efforts to get her platinum hair arranged in less than four hours, the balkiness of the car. But though Mr. Bahr time and again builds up a family situation as portentous as a thunderhead, time and again he spoils his effect by a series of careless, flat phrases, by reiteration and overemphasis, and by a savagery which makes the reader feel that the characters actually enrage their author.

Thus after he has devoted most of the book to demonstrating how intolerable Esther, Tom, and Anton are to one another, one expects a shattering climax. Actually, the book ends with a twenty-page discussion of Americanism (mostly a monologue by a neighbor) and by a great discovery on the part of Anton. He suddenly finds spiritual peace in the perception that "humanity stinks." But for the reader of Bahr's violent and ruthless exposition, who has long ago been hounded to that same conviction, this denouement lacks surprise. "The Platinum Tower" as a whole is an unsatisfactory job by a strong, vigorous writer.

K. S.

International

ENGLAND: A DYING OLIGARCHY. By Louis Bromfield. Harpers. 1939. 50 cents.

This thirty-two page pamphlet, the latest literary brickbat to land on the doorstep of 10 Downing Street, adds more to our familiarity with the art of invective than to our knowledge of international affairs. Mr. Bromfield, like Robert Briffault, forsakes the writing of novels for the promotion of Anglophobia, and errs similarly in the excess of righteous indignation with which he predicts "The Decline and Fall of the British Empire." The wealthy oligarchy that rules England, he declares, is betraying both the Empire and its own interests in frantically attempting to "keep the shop open." This dying oligarchy and its Prime Minister, a Birmingham shopkeeper who wants to be God, must be replaced by men of courage and vision if democracy is to be saved by Anglo-American cooperation. Although Mr. Bromfield writes of oligarchic intrigue and hypocrisy with justifiable anger, he makes the common mistake of reducing an infinitely complex situation to simple and personal terms. The daily newspaper provides abundant evidence, however, to confirm

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER . . . the American public buys more copies of his mysteries every year (the Perry Mason stories, the "D. A." series, etc.) than of any other living detective-story writer. His latest novel is **THE CASE OF THE PERJURED PARROT.** $2. *A Morrow Mystery*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his description of the Baldwin-Chamberlain regime as "one of the worst and weakest governments, and certainly the most expensive England has ever had." Vigorous and sincere as this pamphlet is, one hopes that Mr. Bromfield will continue to employ his superb talents in writing novels.

J. F. G.

Miscellaneous

WILD COUNTRY. By F. Fraser Darling. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). 1939. $2.75.

It would be as impertinent for a reviewer to offer a formal criticism of this slender volume as it would be to apply the critical canons that might bear on the poetry of a Matthew Arnold to the verses of Robert Burns. Fraser Darling shares this with Burns, that his poetic faculty, expressed in photography and prose alike, is clearly not an acquisition at all but the heritage of many generations lived in the wild Scottish country. What has been acquired, in addition to this birthright, is science. Dr. Darling's vocation, as well as his avocation, is field-research into animal behavior.

This book is the result of moments of poetic relaxation in the life of a scientist with a camera. It is made up of photographic and verbal notes on the coastal islands of Scotland and the birds and seals that inhabit them; on the highlands, with their red deer and ptarmigan; on the forests and their ancient history; even on the highland home and the dog. The photographs are surely among the finest of their kind ever made. They have a strong literary quality, for they go beyond the mere record of visual impressions to evoke the emotional atmosphere that surrounds them. In this they are one with the text, which is written in a simple, effortless, and evocative prose.

So much for attempting to define the indefinable. Those who are susceptible to this sort of natural magic must discover the book for themselves. They will find that in its small way—for it is completely unassuming—it contains a fortune.

L. J. H., Jr.

NOW, KEEP YOUR FAMILY HISTORY AND YEAR-BY-YEAR DIARY for ALL TIME!

America's most unique record book, THE YEARS is planned to enable you to easily record a knowledge of ancestry to date; then write a page or two each new year, of major events that have greatly altered or enriched your experience. Pages for family autographs, records of marriage, births and such and a yearly snapshot that will begin a permanent record that you will treasure all your life! THE YEARS is printed on specially prepared paper, with reinforced binding to last many generations. Send $3.00 and book will be mailed postpaid or sent C. O. D. plus postage. THE YEARS, CONSOLIDATED BOOK PUBLISHERS, 537 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Let Us Bring Our Bookstore To Your Door!

NEW BOOKS SUPPLIED THE SAME DAY ORDER RECEIVED at publisher's prices postpaid to all parts of the U. S. and its possessions. ***Try our extra-rapid service*** for all books in print. We can supply promptly any book reviewed or advertised in this issue. ***Send your order today.*** **Send for our FREE catalog "Books of the Month." AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, 117 West 48th St., Dept. L, N.Y.C.**

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 9)

William E. Dodd, fails to disclose Mr. Nevins's "dryasdust monographers."

It has always been the policy of the *American Historical Review* to publish only such articles as throw light on what had been dark before, or suggest new and fruitful fields of historical study, or advance significant new historical interpretations. Being essentially a magazine for students of history, it leaves popularizations, however brilliant, to others. It does not believe there is a necessary antagonism between productive scholarship and good writing, an opinion which seems to be confirmed by the following names among those who have contributed articles: Wilbur C. Abbott, Charles M. Andrews, Crane Brinton, Tyler Dennett, Max Farrand, Sidney B. Fay, William S. Ferguson, Guy Stanton Ford, Dixon Ryan Fox, Evarts B. Greene, Carlton J. H. Hayes, William L. Langer, Andrew C. McLaughlin, Alfred T. Mahan, Samuel E. Morison, Ulrich B. Phillips, Henri Pirenne, Conyers Read, James Ford Rhodes, Bernadotte E. Schmitt, James T. Shotwell, Goldwin Smith, Henry Osborn Taylor, Claude H. Van Tyne, William Linn Westermann.

In the light of this evidence—and it is only a small part of what could be given if your space permitted—I think it will be quite clear to your readers that Mr. Nevins's assertion is extremely misleading.

Robert Livingston Schuyler,
Managing Editor, The American Historical Review.
New York City.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL—an old-time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet. Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

MATURE, intelligent couple want management of bookstore anywhere. Fully competent to take efficient charge. Thorough knowledge of ordering, keeping all records and book keeping. Box 102-D.

IF YOU want to beat your wife or bring order in a meeting, a REDDING gavel will do a good job. Send for circular. REDDING—17 W. 23 St.—N. Y. GR. 5-4513.

WANTED: For literary research project. Striking examples of nonchalance from life, literature or history, no compensation. Box 100-D.

COSTUMES, PERIOD CORSETS, for stage, society. Enchanting new waspwaist. Boston made. Box 28-D.

EXPERT STENOGRAPHER, legal, commercial; college; attractive; unusual; desires interesting secretarial position. Box 104-D.

NEW ENGLAND enthusiast (feminine), marooned in Middle West, seeks amusing correspondent (masculine) not under thirty. Box 105-D.

WOULD-BE European tourist wishes to hear from 1939 tour leaders of small groups and from individuals who will give suggestions from experience. "First Crossing."

PERSONALS

"GREEN SHADOWS," Old Lyme, Conn. A delightful place for winter vacations. Good food. Reasonable rates.

16 DUPLICATE BRIDGE BOARDS $1.00 postpaid. Duplicate Board Co., Syracuse.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally located adjacent to Central Park, and overlooks the spacious grounds of the Hayden Planetarium and American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a mid-town caravansary. Accommodations for the literary or non-literary person who must be in New York for a considerable time this winter and spring. Newly-furnished and decorated 1 room apt's and suites—living room, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchen—from $90 to $190 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing. Harry A. Day, Manager, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City. (Caution: Make 1939 World's Fair reservations early.)

FOR 20 YEARS our house and garden have grown with us, been comfortable winter and summer. Only 12 miles from New York, 3 blocks from station, this spot remains tree shaded and somehow remote as it faces the ten acre hayfield across the street. The house—in Bayside, Long Island nineteen minutes from Pennsylvania Station—is completely modern with ten rooms, three baths, oil burner, screens throughout, dining porch, sleeping porch, handsome living room with three exposures and wood-burning fireplace. Ideal for children. $100 monthly. Endicott 2-5419 before 10:30 A. M. Box 106-D.

YOUNG MAN, chauffeur's license, offers services Sundays, Evenings; 25c per hour. Box 107-D.

YOUNG LADY, 27, varied interests, working in Ohio city with opportunity for few social contacts, would welcome corresponding with friendly, not too clever, young man. Box 110-D.

AGREEABLE, CAPABLE WOMAN writer wants work as companion-chauffeur for home, some free time and small salary. Box 111-D.

MATURE NEW ENGLAND WOMAN—Expert licensed driver—adaptable—versatile—competent home manager—or as Traveling Companion. Traveled rather extensively and free to start again. Box 112-D.

N. Y. newspaperwoman will undertake research for out of town writers. Box 113-D.

TYPING. Prompt, efficient. Per thousand words, 25c. References. O'Dell-Kempis, 176 West 86th, New York

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty or more consecutive insertions, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; fewer insertions, 8 cents a word each insertion. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. Our system locates books of every description, all subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. London publications specialized in. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your wants for immediate attention. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, 117 West 48th Street, Dept. 300, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214. (Established 1921.)

OUR SERVICE CONSISTS of supplying items for your library, which you cannot easily obtain; books, periodicals, prints and autographs. An inquiry will incur no obligation. Specializing in foreign items. INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY GUILD, Dept. B, 1860 Broadway. COLUMBUS 5-2075.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 West 181st Street, New York.

SOURCE AND OUT-OF-PRINT book specialist for Authors, Collectors, Librarians, Researchers. Louis Greenfield, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Good Books. Particularly Walt Whitman and Lewis Carroll. Catalogue 78 on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

SEND FOR FREE catalogue of first edition bargains—300 at $2.49; 250 at $3.98. THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP, INC., 333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

FIRST EDITION, Modern Art Posters, Pictorial Book Posters. Catalogues upon request. Gabriel Engel, 41 Union Square, N. Y. C.

BOOKPLATES

LARGE ASSORTMENT to choose from. Album loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, 56th, New York's only French Bookshop where French books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mailorder catalogue, 20c stamps.

BARGAIN OFFERS

NOW ON SALE—Books from the Library of the late William MacDonald, Ph.D., LL.D., Harvard, Professor Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Bowdoin College, Brown University. Collection consists of many Review and Editorial copies of recent date, History, Economics, World Topics, etc. They are all conveniently displayed, and reasonably priced. If you cannot call and personally browse over this interesting collection, we suggest sending for catalogue, mailed free. SCHULTE'S BOOKSTORE, 80 Fourth Avenue (Tenth Street), New York.

RARE BOOKS, fine books, beautiful books, all at bargain prices. A typical example, OF HUMAN BONDAGE, by W. Somerset Maugham. The first illustrated edition, autographed by author and artist. Published by Doubleday Doran at $20.00. Now, $6.95. Send for this and for free tri-monthly bulletins. THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP, INC., 333 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 20 YEARS.—Novels, short stories, books, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts marketed. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in handling hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write now for information regarding our resultful service. WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., at 51st, N. Y. C.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS SOLD. Intelligent, personal assistance for publication. New Authors invited. Expert reviews, criticism, editing, revision. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd St., N. Y.

STORIES, manuscripts, books, verse, criticized, revised, marketed. No reading charge. Send MSS. New writers helped. Ghost writing. Speakers for all occasions. MARANATHA WRITERS-SPEAKERS, 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

REAL REASONS FOR REJECTION are seldom given by publishers. Advice on revision. Sale of novels, stories, non-fiction. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Excellent connections publishers Boston, N. Y., Phila. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park Street, Boston.

FASSETT'S—708 Buchanan, Durham, N. C.: Stories, 3c word; Poetry, $1 line.

EDITING, REVISING, INDEXING; translating from German, French, Spanish, Italian; research; proof-reading. Professional references. Mornings 9-12. AStoria 8-4554. Louise Brink, 21-25 29th St., Astoria, New York.

RESEARCH—approved dissertations and theses published on cooperative basis. High royalties. John Melzer, Ph.D., Research Editor, University Post Publishing Company, Ashland, Ohio.

GENERAL

DRAMA. Books, photographs, old playbills. Flower and fashion prints. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

SPRING AND SUMMER SEMINARS in Expert Bookhandling. Thorough preparation for bookselling, collecting, assembling of libraries. Individual instruction. Circular. The Little Book House, Nantucket, Mass.

Double-Crostics: No. 257

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

	1-R	2-D	3-O	4-B		5-U	6-R		7-S	8-V	9-A		10-V	11-B	12-L	13-R
14-H	15-W		16-C	17-L	18-Q		19-W	20-I	21-S	22-M	23-T	24-P		25-N	26-R	
27-U	28-H	29-L	30-K		31-U	32-G	33-O	34-S	35-P	36-K		37-F	38-Q	39-O		40-F
41-S	42-Q	43-D		44-R	45-M	46-F	47-T	48-B		49-S	50-W	51-C		52-Q	53-O	54-V
	55-S	56-M	57-P	58-U	59-V	60-G		61-V	62-O	63-E	64-P		65-V	66-N	67-J	68-H
69-B	70-U	71-M	72-L		73-H		74-V	75-Q	76-A	77-K	78-T		79-G	80-K	81-C	
82-P	83-D	84-S	85-R	86-F	87-B		88-D	89-C		90-K	91-L		92-E		93-F	94-A
	95-J	96-A	97-E	98-O		99-U	100-E	101-C		102-Q	103-M		104-A	105-V	106-J	107-N
108-R	109-Q		110-W	111-G	112-B	113-V	114-I	115-K		116-O	117-G	118-T	119-F		120-U	121-I
122-G	123-F	124-K	125-V		126-U	127-O	128-S	129-B	130-P	131-T		132-P	133-D	134-T	135-G	136-B
	137-T	138-W	139-Q	140-F	141-E		142-J	143-D	144-G	145-N	146-F		147-Q	148-H	149-O	
150-L	151-I	152-M	153-T	154-G		155-A	156-H		157-E	158-C	159-W		160-U	161-A	162-V	163-E
164-D		165-O	166-W		167-V	168-U	169-I		170-W	171-E		172-F	173-H	174-I	175-W	
176-P	177-B	178-Q	179-I	180-S	181-U	182-L	183-V	184-D		185-S	186-J	187-D	188-G	189-R	190-B	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Nourishment.

B. Enliven.

C. Character in "The Bluebird."

D. Lavish.

E. Unique person or thing (2 wds., Lat.).

F. Beguiling talker.

G. Surly, crabbed (comp.).

H. Inhabiting an island.

I. Goddess of fruitfulness. (Gr.).

J. Of deathly pallor.

K. Browned by frying in deep fat.

L. Character in "A Midsummer Nights's Dream."

M. Flavored with allium cepa.

N. Commotion (comp., colloq.).

O. Characteristic of God Horus (comp.).

P. Held in thrall.

Q. Neophyte.

R. Sweepings.

S. Without ceremony.

T. Betraying.

U. Unquestionably.

V. Apperceptive knowledge.

W. Graceful.

WORDS

104 76 155 9 161 96 94

190 177 48 129 11 112 87 69 136 4

16 89 51 81 101 158

143 133 83 88 164 43 2 187 184

97 157 141 100 63 163 92 171

40 37 119 93 172 86 46 140 146 123

117 111 135 79 144 122 188 32 154 60

148 156 14 73 28 68 173

169 20 151 121 114 179 174

186 95 142 106 67

30 90 36 115 80 77 124

91 17 12 150 182 29 72

56 22 152 45 71 103

107 25 145 66

127 165 116 3 53 98 33 39 62 149

132 35 82 24 57 130 176 64

109 147 52 18 178 75 42 102 139 38

189 108 6 26 1 13 44 85

34 21 84 41 128 185 49 55 180 7

47 23 153 118 137 134 78 131

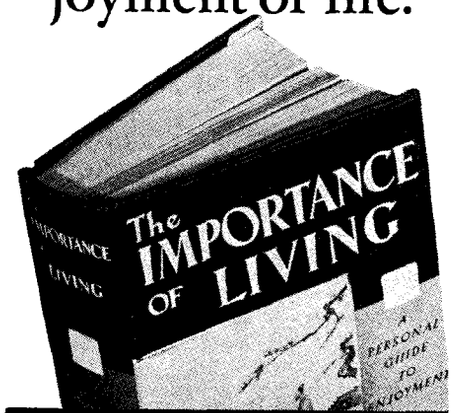
5 99 58 168 120 70 126 160 31 181 27

65 105 167 10 125 59 61 54 113 74 162 8 183

166 175 50 110 138 159 170 19 15

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most talked-about book in America today is LIN YUTANG'S wise and witty personal guide to the true enjoyment of life.



260,000 SOLD A JOHN DAY book $3.00

Now in Book Form!

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

by ELMER RICE

"The best play, I think, that Mr. Rice has written . . . nor am I forgetting *Street Scene*." —*Richard Lockridge, N. Y. Sun.* $2.00

DEATH PLAYS SOLITAIRE

by R. L. GOLDMAN

A story of crooked politicians and gangsters in a small town, that moves with the tempo of a Tommy-gun. "Capital puzzle with smash finish," says *The Criminal Record.* $2.00

At All Bookstores

COWARD-McCANN • N. Y.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

FOR the first time in years we discover a genuine novelty in bookplates, and take the liberty of reproducing it. Mr. R. L. Jones, a collector in California, had the happy thought of using the familiar proofreader's instruction—*Stet* (let it stand, leave it be) — as a bookplate motto. This tickled Joe Jackson, book critic of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, who sent it to us; tickles us also.

☞An interesting new publishing venture is announced by Harrison Smith and J. Hilton Smyth. Mr. Smyth (with a y) has recently become owner of three well-known magazines, *The Living Age, The North American Review*, and *Current History*. Mr. Smith (with an i) has now joined Mr. Smyth in forming a new book publishing house. The firm will be known as Harrison-Hilton Books, Inc., and has taken offices at 420 Madison Avenue. The first publication will be *The World Over*, a chronology of contemporary history, on March 15. ☞One of the most unusual and significant recent books on public problems is the new Penguin Special just issued in London. It is *Britain*, a cross-section of what the average Englishman is thinking during present crises. It was compiled by Charles Madge and Tom Harrisson, the two young founders of that vigorous social synopsis called Mass-Observation. It sold 250,000 copies at 6d each in its first few weeks. ☞Mass-Observation, started 2 years ago by two young men (one a poet and news-reporter, one an ornithologist) now has nearly 2000 amateur Observers who have volunteered to study the behavior and opinions of the larger public. ☞This book so interested one acute reader of our acquaintance that he bought up practically all the copies available in New York to give to his friends. ☞Congratulations to the Philadelphia Museum of Art on its exceptionally beautiful catalogue (illustrative and descriptive) of works by William Blake now on show there. The catalogue was prepared by Elizabeth Mongan and Edwin Wolf 2nd, and printed by Edward Stern and Company. Mr. A. Edward Newton contributes an introduction. There is no great visionary more significant for the present time than Blake, and this catalogue will be cherished by all lovers of his genius. It costs $1, though the expense of printing must have been several times that. We hope we are not doing the generous sponsors of the exhibition an unkindness by increasing the demand for this beautiful book.

☞Arthur Pforzheimer, 26 East 56, celebrated Washington's Birthday by showing unusual letters and documents signed by or associated with G. W.—among them a bill for the amputation of an officer's arm (which George refused to pay). ☞The annual Anisfield Prize ($1000) to encourage the study of racial problems was awarded this year to Professor Charles S. Johnson, Fisk University, for his book *The Negro College Graduate* (Univ. of N. C. Press). ☞A second prize ($500) was given to Professor Ralph J. Bunche (Howard University) for his study on *Non-European Peoples in South Africa*. ☞An exciting new issue by the Facsimile Text Society (2960 Broadway, N. Y. C.) is its reproduction of the 1855 *Leaves of Grass*. This, at $2, makes as perfect an Easter gift as anything we can think of.

☞Another spring book we hanker to see is the Studio Publications' *Eyes on America* ($3.50) by W. S. Hall, known to our readers as an occasional and always mercurial contributor to this department. Mr. Hall has what is not always found in art critics, a nipping sense of humor; his running commentary on contemporary American painting is full of gin and ginger. The book contains 250 reproductions of modern American paintings, 8 in color. ☞A devoted lover of the American rural scene was the late Dr. Clarke F. Ansley, editor-in-chief of the Columbia University Press, whose recent death is a sad loss to scholarly publishing. The Columbia Encyclopedia stands as a monument to Dr. Ansley's judgment and energy. He spent his boyhood in Illinois, his last years in the hills of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, his special passion was raising and training horses. ☞Professor Norman L. Torrey in his *The Spirit of Voltaire*, lately published by Columbia University Press, adverts to the familiar discussion whether Rabelais or Voltaire was more libertine in spirit. (Torrey remarks that the kind of laughter we call "Rabelaisian" the French, since the World War, call "American.") ☞The eminent Saintsbury found the candor of Rabelais less distasteful than the allusiveness of Voltaire. ☞"The manners of the present age," Professor Torrey observes, "are not nearly so polished as were those of Voltaire's era." ☞The popular humorists of today have one enormous advantage: their audiences are wowed by almost any kind of wisecrack because no one knows what has been considered funny before. ☞Like all truly scholarly works, Professor Torrey's book makes allusions Old Q. would not dare quote here—as for instance the story told by Ariosto, Rabelais, La Fontaine, Voltaire and Anatole France (also, Professor, by Matt. Prior) which M. France used mischievously to scandalize a meeting of the French Academy. ☞Old Q. continues his investigation of the mystery-thrillers by Patricia Wentworth, who has never had her due from the reviewers. We have now read *The Case Is Closed*, published 1937, a first-class blend of crime, gooseflesh, and funnybone. Maud Silver, the mousy little spinster-detective who knits infants' wear and quotes Tennyson, goes to the head of the class. The Mary Roberts Rinehart fans would find P. Wentworth absolutely their dish. ☞There are now 29 Trollopes in the Oxford Press. ☞We mean in the *World's Classics* (80c per volume).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED